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SPECIAL FEATURE

THE CULTURAL COLD WAR

Christopher Lasch

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NEWSPAPER NEWS

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LETTERS

saintly sadism

New York City

DEAR SIRS: "Pornography and Violence" [*The Nation*, Aug. 14] was most interesting. As I read of Pamela Hansford Johnson's equation of violent crime and "obscenity," I recalled an experience I recently had at the home of a friend. I was examining the titles of books on his bookshelves, and noticed a collection of beautifully bound antique hagiographies.

In my naiveté, I mentioned that I didn't know he was so religious. . . . He laughed, and told me he made extra money xeroxing reproductions of pages from those volumes, and photostating paintings and etchings of the death agonies of various martyrs. . . . He proceeded to show me dozens of old prints, depicting various martyrs in the most exquisite agonies, with blood, swords, arrows, gore, gouged-out eyes, and the like.

This brought home rather pointedly that one man's pornography may be another man's art—or even religion. It also indicates that tendencies toward gore and violence are often developed through other sources than those usually damned by the reformers.

Dick Leitsch, President
Mattachine Society Inc. of New York

Voice of America

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Richard J. Walton's "Memorandum to John Daly" [*The Nation*, Aug. 28] is well taken. We need editors who are willing and able to expose America for what it is. Only through enough such critical commentary will we ever be in a position to move this country in the right direction, and hopefully make an America that we can truthfully be proud of.

Peter Adams

rat preserver

Palo Alto, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The rats have their friends in the House of Representatives. That august body recently rejected a bill giving $40 million over three years to city programs fighting rats. Among the friends of the rodents was one Joel T. Broyhill (R., Va.), who reportedly said that the "'rat' smart thing" for the House to do was to vote down "this rat bill 'rat' now."

How can the Congressman joke about such a bill and then have the nerve to condemn righteously the citizens of the ghetto gouging grocery store or slum tenement—rat infested, no doubt. Oppose the bill? Perhaps—on some ground such as the possible developing of a welfare boondoggle. The result of this opposition would be, however, a refusal to protect "the poor children of America," as the President put it.

These children are the chief victims from rat bites, which in many cases are fatal and in most cause lasting and severe injury. Congress routinely votes funds to protect cattle and crops from rodents. Why can't it do as much for children? Certainly, statistics of rat bites and of rat damage (totaling some $900 million a year) amply demonstrate the need for the bill. So do riots which have raged in American cities.

But joke about such a bill? Outrageous—and enough to make poor Tom Jefferson turn over with shame in his Monticello grave. One hopes that the House will reconsider as the President has requested.

As for Virginia's Congressman Broyhill—*sic semper* stupidity.

Stephen H. Klitzman

EDITORIALS

What Development Decade?

In 1961, President Kennedy announced the "Development Decade" with almost as much fanfare as the trip to the moon. By "development" he meant foreign aid that would start poor countries, if not on the road to affluence at least away from the road to starvation. Helped by the United States, which generates more than half of the new capital of the world, the underdeveloped countries would learn to help themselves. Mr. Kennedy's idea was that each of the advanced nations would contribute 1 per cent of its income to those lagging in the technological race, or not yet in the running. It was a humane and statesmanlike goal—and it is going downhill so fast that soon it will be only a token effort.

The figures tell the story. In 1949, the commitment for foreign aid totaled $7.2 billion. On the basis of 1 per cent of gross national product it would still be at that level, or somewhat higher. Instead, the Johnson Administration asked for $3.4 billion, which the Senate cut to $2.6 billion. The House was supposed to narrow the gap, and it did, but not by much. The House approved $2.8 billion, and there is no assurance that the line will be held at that figure.

What happened? Of course Vietnam, with its tidy little war budget of maybe $30 billion (who knows actually what it is, much less what it will be?) accounts for Congressional reluctance to spend on anything else. But Vietnam is not alone to blame. The foreign-aid program has been contaminated from the outset by strategic considerations. The primary aim has been to fight the cold war with what used to be called "dollar diplomacy," and the needs of aspiring nations have been a secondary consideration. This obliquity ate away the moral core of the program, and deprived it of the public support which it might have gained. Foreign aid, it has been said, has no constituency, which is only another way of saying that the American people, aside from some "America First" sentiment, know a phony program when they see it.

An aid program that might have worked would have been one which

(1) was not guided by military considerations;
(2) was free of cold-war motivations—"keeping them on our side," etc.;
(3) was likely to get through to the people; if it was only going to make the rich richer there would be no aid;
(4) was not to be used to prop up right-wing dictatorships because Washington was nervous about a possible left-wing uprising.

These specifications are a description of what foreign aid, as it actually developed, is not. And so, as *The New York Times* put it editorially, "the aid authorization for 1968 will be a disaster—a disaster for hungry peoples and struggling new nations; an even greater disaster for the stature, the good faith and humanitarianism of the United States."

To make things worse, the House passed an amendment offered by "the incredible" H. R. Gross of Iowa,

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as the *Times* refers to him—but he had the votes. Invoking "our boys in Vietnam," Gross called for retaliatory action against nations which are giving aid to North Vietnam. One effect of the amendment would be to withdraw "most favored nation" treatment from Poland unless the Poles halt shipments to North Vietnam. Actually, the nondiscriminatory treatment of Poland has redounded to the advantage of the United States in trade and settlement by Poland of American claims, but what does that mean to Gross and other Congressmen with his motivations?

Partly through right-wing politicking and partly through its own defects, foreign aid is in grievous trouble. A switch of only five votes in the House would have torpedoed it altogether. It will be extremely difficult to get Congress to do what it should have done long ago in the field of foreign aid. Now it must compete with the war in Vietnam and the slum programs, and of course with the perennial pork-barrel preoccupations of Congressmen. The only hope, in this fiscal year and the next, is that the wretched American adventure in Vietnam can be ended, and some of the funds can be allocated to a genuine development program based on proven and workable plans and techniques, in a disinterested fashion, dissociated from the cold war. That is a large order, but the experience of the years since President Kennedy made his proposal shows that nothing less will serve.

The Case of Greece

Some of the U.S. policies which have helped to eviscerate foreign aid border on the grotesque. King Constantine of Greece and Queen Marie came to this country as stealthily as reigning monarchs can, their purpose being to get President Johnson to order full resumption of arms shipments. Senator Symington, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee that has jurisdiction over U.S. relations with that part of the world, advanced the threadbare rationale for supporting military dictatorships. We don't like such regimes, the formula runs, but we must never forget our cold-war interests, therefore we must keep a foot in the door while urging them to be a little less vicious. If we really suspended military aid to the Greek military regime, Senator Symington said anxiously, there would be no need for us to keep a military mission there, and our influence with the Greek generals and colonels would disappear. Let not U.S. policy be "set in concrete," he urged. All this has been heard time and again before, but to the Symingtons and the Rusks and the one and only Lyndon B. Johnson it is still persuasive. The time to have used our influence was in April, when the generals staged their coup, but at that juncture our statesmen were indeed set in concrete.

As part of the current softening up process, Americans of Greek background have been invited to Greece and subjected to lavish hospitality in an effort to put a good face on the dictatorship when Their Majesties came to beg for more arms. Rep. John Brademas (D., Ind.) and Rep. Peter N. Kyros (D., Me.) were among those so honored. The food and libations were excellent; even

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so, Mr. Brademas was not swept off his feet. He feels it would be wise to maintain the suspension of arms deliveries, at least for the time being.

Sen. Joseph S. Clark called the turn on all this in a speech (August 21) in which he pointed out that prior to the coup he had filed a report based on a visit to Greece, in which he concluded that military aid should be terminated, since the need for it no longer existed. If this was true before the seizure of power, the only reason for resuming deliveries now would be to placate the generals and make it easier for them to continue intimidating the Greek people. As Senator Clark shrewdly pointed out, the policy of watchful waiting, with a reserved but indulgent attitude toward the dictators, always gives way sooner or later to the policy of business as usual, and that is what is happening now. Since World War II we have given billions to Greece—$1.5 billion *in military aid alone—and to what end?*

The trains may be running on time in Greece, as they were said to run in Fascist Italy, but Mussolini was a tower of intellect compared with the Greek generals. Their notion of reviving the Greek economy is to build a luxury cemetery in Athens. Their idea of government is to ban mini-skirts and beatnik haircuts, and performance of plays by those well-known Bolsheviks, Euripides and Aeschylus. One of their recent enactments is a ludicrously detailed regulation on the display of the flag; a household that fails to fly the colors faces arrest unless it can produce a certificate to the effect that the stores are sold out. Cabinet ministers of previous regimes, however conservative, are being jailed in considerable numbers; some 2,400 political prisoners are detained on the island of Yigura alone. The repression is as stringent as any seen in modern times.

The one thing that can be said for it is that it is frank, possibly because the ministers lack the wit to dissemble. Said Colonel Papadapoulos of the Prime Minister's office, known as Papa Doc because of his addiction to medical metaphors: "We are dealing with a patient on the operating table; unless he is tied down he cannot have the operation that will save him from death." Anyone who takes exception to the comparison does so at his peril.

The King came quietly, but from the spirited Melinda Mercouri he and his entourage got the reception they deserved. Stripped of her citizenship *in absentia,* Miss Mercouri told off Colonel Pattakos, a member of the junta: "I was born a Greek and will die a Greek. Pattakos was born a Fascist and will die a Fascist." She could not deliver her message to the King when he appeared at the UN, but she asked him whether he was "with the Mickey Mouse colonels or with the Greek people?" The King's conduct leaves no doubt on that score.

The sad truth is that the Greek people are not our main concern, if we think of them at all. As Sen. Stephen Young put it: "If some ragtag group in Greece, involving some alleged Communists, had taken over by force, as did the Fascist-minded generals and colonels, our State Department officials would have immediately bestirred themselves and either intervened or threatened to do so, and would have had our Sixth Fleet nearby to take action if necessary." The Senator added: "Sooner or later the people throw out dictatorships. Our State Department would do well to keep this in mind instead of instantly recognizing dictators who overthrow constitutional governments."

It is sound advice, but what is more likely is that arms shipments to Greece will be resumed. And so, with the distinction between military and economic aid already blurred, foreign aid in any form will receive another blow.

The Case of Iran

Besides Their Greek Majesties, we have been honored by the presence of the Shah of Iran, His Imperial Majesty Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi, Shahanshah (King of Kings). The arrival of this visitor is as predictable as the World's Series, but rather more one-sided. So far, the Shah has taken us for $1.75 billion in *economic and military grants and loans: specifically,* last year the gifts stood at $1.2 billion and the amount owed on loans at $380 million, with some miscellaneous items too small to count ($170 million).

When he is in this country, the Shah is the most affable of commoners. Listening to his descriptions of "this king business" (which, he avows, has given him nothing but "headaches") one can hardly help feeling sorrow for him. It comes as something of a shock to learn via the news weeklies that the Shah has accumulated a personal fortune of over $200 million, presumably by nickels and dimes saved from the $250,000 expense account donated by his grateful subjects. Aided, no doubt, by wise investments.

The only time the Shah deviates from democratic simplicity is in his bath. "Ordinary sumptuosity," we are told, is not for the Shah. M. De Lacour, the famous Parisian tub artist, was hard put to it, but he finally succeeded in designing a satisfactory vessel for His Majesty's ablutions. The walls are of crystal, the illuminated bottom gives the bath water (he uses water) prismatic colors, the tap, fixed on a panel of marble, is concealed in a gilded bronze dolphin with ruby eyes. The Paris *Herald Tribune* of June 28 has supplied the information about this marvel of modern plumbing, combined with artistry commanded by a few fortunate medieval monarchs.

However, the Shah, while self-indulgent in this small matter, is a man on whom the burdens of state weigh heavily. On this last visit to Washington he had a special mission—to obtain delivery of a second squadron of the latest U.S. 16F-4D Phantom Jets, $40 million net. It seems we have been a little tardy because of the circumstance that we are fighting a small but difficult war in Vietnam. But, although the situation on such deluxe aircraft is tight, the Shah will get what he wants. He is "our friend" in the Middle East, a "stabilizing influence" and all that.

We will also give him some help in the line of water resources. He is said to have done wonders with dams and reclamation projects. It is strange, what with all his good works and democratic ways, that he is universally detested by Iranian students abroad. By some odd perversity, they demonstrate against him and do not behave at all like loyal subjects.

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Although Uncle Sam is the Shah's leading benefactor, it must not be supposed that His Majesty relies on us alone. There was a time when he did, but no longer. He now has a fine deal with the USSR, the background of which was explained by Majid Tehranian ("Iran: Politics of Anti-Americanism," *The Nation*, October 24, 1966). The Shah will supply the Soviets with $15 billion in natural gas over a fifteen-year period, with the Soviets putting up the cash for the pipe line. The Soviets will also build a $200 million steel mill at Isfahan, and supply the Shah with $100 million in "unsophisticated" military hardware. Washington is worried about this, a bit, but since there has been no substitution of weapons systems and we expect to continue supplying the sophisticated stuff, everything is expected to come out all right. He is "our man"; at least we have a piece of him, and he has a piece of us, a bigger one in fact. By all indications he will never want, either for crystal bathtubs or supersonic jets.

Problem Behind the Problem

Society, like other natural bodies, survives by compensation: when federal leaders lose their senses, nonfederal leaders react with extra balance. Recently President Johnson sent a tough memorandum to the Senate Labor Committee demanding that members kill a proposed $3 billion emergency job program, partly as an economy move and partly out of pique because the proposal hadn't come from the White House. On the very day that the press discovered the existence of this memorandum, about 1,000 labor, financial, church and municipal leaders were meeting in Washington as the "Urban Coalition" to develop a program that they hoped would result in at least a million jobs and in other ways minister to the ghetto poor.

Any group is impressive that includes David Rockefeller, Henry Ford, George Meany and Walter Reuther, all pulling in the same direction. There were some complaints from Negro militants—who weren't invited—that the group was made up almost totally of establishmentarian fatcats. But as a matter of fact, labor-management-finance-church fatcats are the only ones with the leverage for emergency action. Hurrah (for once) for the fatcats.

But the requisite cheer can only be followed by pessimism. In the first place, not even the Rockefellers and the Fords can, independent of the federal government, raise the kind of money that the salvation of the slums requires. They can make a "beginning," perhaps; but the poor have already been tossed about too much by fitful beginnings. The attack must have a budget gigantic enough to support an end as well as a beginning.

Only the federal government can supply such a budget, along with what is just as rare: the machinery for spending it. It must be a budget expansive enough to accept waste as a normal characteristic of emergencies. A certain amount of waste, if it supports flexibility, may even be beneficial; but private industry would be terribly upset at the thought. "Some may feel it unseemly to mention cost and profit when urgent human needs are involved," Ford told the gathering defensively. "The profit motive is a powerful force. It must be maintained and it can be used effectively to help solve the urban crises." However justified this attitude may be from his position, it might better be saved for those who hit the beaches in the second assault wave, or better yet the third. "Business cannot hire more people than it needs," he said, "or hire people who are not qualified to do useful work, or hire people for more than their work is worth." That is sensible talk for a normal situation, but the whole point of the Urban Coalition was supposed to be that this isn't a normal situation.

Since a Washington-size budget is the key, and since the President and several members of his Cabinet immediately made clear that they have no intention of asking for more money until the costs of Vietnam are taken care of, not one member of the Urban Coalition's steering committee can be credited with really having put into words the problem behind the problem. That is, not one mentioned ending the war. Mayor John Lindsay of New York said, "If our defense commitment . . . is blocking a vigorous effort to end those agonies [in the slums], the commitment should be reassessed." It may be a bit dodgy to refer to Vietnam as a "defense commitment," but nobody else at the conference came so close to speaking the unspeakable.

And it was only Lindsay, too, who spoke of "establishing regular communication with the Administration, the Congress, governors and state legislators"—a group he obviously considered to be as much out of touch with normal society as are the slum dwellers. Only Lindsay seemed willing to suggest that Congress' reaction to the riots so far has verged on "vengeance" and "retribution." (His words.)

Only Lindsay sounded as if he had ever really come face to face with the creatures of the ghetto; and it must have been unpleasant for some of his colleagues to be reminded that the people they were meeting to help are indeed "dirty, illiterate, alcoholic, indifferent, and antagonistic." And only Lindsay was forward enough to suggest that the social rot is not the result of a temporary error in an otherwise faultless system, but that the system itself is in fact deficient. "Simply stated, the system which has worked so well for most of our citizens," he said, "is failing the poor." That, at least, did take real courage to acknowledge.

HUAC Under Siege

Twenty-five thousand dollars a year for doing nothing is nice work if you can get it, and five members of the Subversive Activities Control Board have been getting it for some years. The appointment of Simon McHugh, husband of a former LBJ secretary, has focused attention once again on this "no-work" agency and the "non-achievement" record of HUAC as well. The only legislative product of HUAC's tawdry twenty-nine-year record is the Internal Security (McCarran) Act, which set up the SACB. But the Supreme Court in effect rendered the act inoperative by holding that the registration provisions violate the Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination. And since the Court has also ruled

(Continued on page 212)

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THE CULTURAL COLD WAR

CHRISTOPHER LASCH

Mr. Lasch is in the Department of History, Northwestern University. He is the author of The American Liberals and the Russian Revolution; The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963: The Intellectual as a Social Type. *The article which follows will be included in* Towards a New Past: Dissenting Essays in American History, *edited by Barton Bernstein, to be published next spring by Pantheon Books.*

Political activists in the sixties regard talk with suspicion—not without reason, since much of what is said publicly consists of lies. "May the Baby Jesus open your mind and shut your mouth." You drop out of society, or you try to revolutionize it; what you don't do is try to criticize it: American society is assumed to be impervious to criticism.

If American institutions, American politics and American foreign policy had been exposed to sustained criticism over a long period of time, it might be necessary to conclude that criticism had had no effect. But sustained criticism has barely begun, and it is too early to say that it has made no impression. It is true that the critics have not put an end to the war in Vietnam; but what did they expect? Public discussion for years had taken for granted that "Communist aggression" had to be resisted, even at the risk of nuclear war. It had taken for granted that "freedom" was engaged in a global struggle against Communist slavery, a struggle from which moral men could not hold themselves aloof. Intellectuals, who might have objected to these formulations of the issue, far from objecting to them, helped to give them general currency. Are we to conclude from this experience that thought has no effect on history? On the contrary, it has a radical and immediate effect. It is well known that an interpretation of history, shared by a whole generation, becomes a historical fact in its own right. In the fifties, an interpretation of history that defined the cold war as a struggle for cultural freedom deeply influenced events that followed.

Our situation today derives in part from the bankruptcy of social and political thought over the last five or six decades, and more specifically it derives from the bankruptcy of social and political thought during the fifties. American intellectuals, on a scale that is only now beginning to be understood, lent themselves in that time to purposes having nothing to do with the values they professed—purposes, indeed, that were diametrically opposed to them. This defection of the intellectuals goes a long way toward explaining the poverty of public discussion today.

Press and Academy

There are two kinds of intellectuals in the United States, journalists and academicians. The journalist, strictly conceived, is engaged in an imaginative act: he keeps a journal of contemporary events. Most daily journalism is now mass produced and has become, with honorable exceptions, nothing more than a job. Journalism in the strict sense survives for the most part in periodicals, politico-literary reviews addressed to a limited readership but capable, nevertheless, of exercising a good deal of influence over the ways in which issues are formulated.

The academician is nowadays a specialist almost by definition, incapable of addressing himself to public questions except as an expert, in which capacity his services are eagerly sought by government. (Those who are unwilling to become experts either do not address themselves to public questions at all or become part-time journalists.) The university is so deeply enmeshed with government that the wonder is not that it has furnished so little criticism of official attitudes but that it has furnished any criticism at all. If the university has emerged as a focus of protest, that is not so much because some teachers (particularly in the arts and humanities) still retain a critical perspective, as because the same universities which function so well as branches of industry and government have proved incapable, by reason of their heavy investment in "research" and their bureaucratized structure, of providing a human environment for their students. The students' dissatisfaction with their own conditions spills over into politics; they see a connection, for instance, between the multiversity and the technological war in Vietnam. Student protest, in turn, may waken a belated response in some of their teachers.

The other group of intellectuals—the journalists writing for magazines of opinion—live in an environment that has no built-in institutional links with national power; none at least, that are immediately obvious. It was from this quarter, in the fifties, that criticism of the cold war and its effects might have been expected. The defection of the literary intellectuals is not something which the condition of their working lives would have led one to expect; it is thus harder to account for than the defection of the academicians. In order to understand it, one must reconstruct in some detail the events of the early fifties, the period during which the anti-Communist mentality came to dominate the intellectual community; and there is no better way of getting into the pathology of that decade than by investigating the activities of the Congress for Cultural Freedom and its affiliate, the American Committee for Cultural Freedom. Both as symptom and as source, the campaign for "cultural freedom" revealed the degree to which the values held by intellectuals had become indistinguishable from the interests of the modern state—interests which intellectuals now served even while they maintained the illusion of detachment.

From the beginning the Congress for Cultural Freedom had a quasi-official character, even to outward appearances. It was organized in 1950 by Michael Josselson, formerly an officer in the Office of Strategic Services, and Melvin J. Lasky, who had earlier served in the American Information Services and as editor of *Der Monat*, a magazine sponsored by the United States High Commission in Germany. The decision to hold the first meeting of the Congress in West Berlin, an outpost of Western power in Communist East Europe and one of the principal foci and symbols of the cold war, fitted very well the official

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American policy of making Berlin a showcase of "freedom." The United Press reported in advance that "the five-day meeting will challenge the alleged freedoms of Soviet-dominated Eastern Europe and attempt to unmask the Soviet Union's and Soviet-sponsored 'peace' demonstrations as purely political maneuvers." H. R. Trevor-Roper, one of the British delegates, noted that "a political tone was set and maintained throughout the congress." Nobody would have objected to a political demonstration, he observed, if it had been avowed as such. The question was whether "it would have obtained all its sponsors or all its delegates if it had been correctly advertised."

Politics of Freedom

The sponsors of the meeting included Eleanor Roosevelt, Upton Sinclair, the philosophers G. A. Borgese and A. J. Ayer, Walter Reuther, the French writer Suzanne Labin and Dr. Hans Thirring, a Viennese atomic scientist. Delegates attended from twenty-one countries, but the most conspicuous among them were militant anti-Communists (some of them also ex-Communists) from the European continent and from the United States: Arthur Koestler, Franz Borkenau, Lasky, Sidney Hook, James Burnham, James T. Farrell, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. A number of the themes that emerged from their speeches would become polemical staples in the following decade. One was the end of ideology, the assertion that conventional political distinctions had become irrelevant in the face of the need for a united front against Bolshevism. Arthur Koestler announced that "the words 'Socialism' and 'Capitalism,' 'Left' and 'Right' have today become virtually empty of meaning." Sidney Hook looked forward "to the era when references to 'Right,' 'Left,' and 'Center' will vanish from common usage as meaningless." Franz Borkenau made the same point and went on to explain the deeper sense in which ideology could be said to have died.* "We are living," he said, in "the last phase of an ebbing revolutionary epoch" in which "the absurdity of the belief in perfect and logical social constructions" had been exposed for all to see. For more than a century utopian "extremes"—visions of total freedom competing with visions of total security —had "increasingly turned the history of the occident into a tragic bedlam." But having observed at first hand the devastating effects of utopianism, particularly in Russia, reasonable men had at last learned the importance of a more modest and pragmatic view of politics.

At the same time, the pragmatists who met at Berlin announced that in the present crisis a moral man could not remain aloof from the struggle of competing ideologies. Robert Montgomery, the American film actor, declared that "no artist who has the right to bear that title can be neutral in the battles of our time." Koestler said: "Man stands at a crossroads which only leaves the choice of this way or that." At such moments "the difference between the very clever and the simple in mind narrows almost to the vanishing point"; and only the "professional disease" of the intellectual, his fascination with logical subtleties and his "estrangement from reality," keep him from seeing the need to choose between slavery and freedom.

An attack on liberal intellectualism, and on liberalism in general, ran through a number of speeches. Borkenau argued that totalitarianism grew dialectically out of liberalism. "The liberal utopia of absolute individual freedom found its counterpart in the Socialist utopia of complete individual security." With liberalism in decline, intellectuals looking for "a ready-made doctrine of salvation and a prefabricated paradise" turned in the twenties and thirties to communism and "permitted themselves to be led by the nose through Russia without noticing anything of the reality." During the Second World War—which Borkenau called "a second edition of the Popular Front"—even experienced politicians allowed themselves to be deceived by Stalin's professions of good faith. "Thus in the course of a quarter century communism ran a course which brought it in contact with every stratum of society, from extreme revolutionaries to ultra-conservatives." But this very pervasiveness, by another turn of Borkenau's dialectic, meant that "the entire body of occidental society has received an increasingly strong protective inoculation against communism. Every new wave of Communist expansion led to a deepening of the anti-Communist current: from the ineffective opposition of small groups to the rise of an intellectual countercurrent, and finally to the struggle in the arena of world politics."

The attack on liberalism, together with the curious argument that exposure to communism was the only effective form of "inoculation" against it, points to another feature of the anti-Communist mentality as revealed at Berlin: a strong undercurrent of ex-communism, which led Trevor-Roper to describe the whole conference as "an alliance between . . . the ex-Communists among the delegates . . . and the German nationalists in the audience." Borkenau, Koestler, Burnham, Hook, Lasky and Farrell had all been Communists during the thirties, and it requires no special powers of discernment to see that their attack on communism in the fifties expressed itself in formulations that were themselves derived from the cruder sort of Marxist cant. Borkenau's defense of "freedom," for instance, rested not on a concern for institutional safeguards of free thought, let alone for the independence of critical thought from national power, but rather on an assertion of man's capacity to transcend the "narrow materialism" posited, according to Borkenau, by liberalism and socialism alike. The defense of freedom merged imperceptibly with a dogmatic attack on historical determin-

*References to Borkenau in the following discussion are based on a translation of his prepared address by G. L. Arnold which appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* for November, 1950. Borkenau also delivered an extemporaneous speech which was described by Trevor-Roper in the Manchester *Guardian Weekly* (July 20, 1950) as follows: "Pouring out his German sentences with hysterical speed and gestures, he screamed that he was a convert from communism and proud of it; that past guilt must be atoned for; that the ex-Communists alone understood communism and the means of resisting it; that communism could only mean perpetual war and civil war; and that it must be destroyed at once by uncompromising frontal attack. And yet, terrible though it was, this fanatical speech was less frightening than the hysterical German applause which greeted it. It was different from any other applause at that congress. It was an echo of Hitler's Nuremberg."

Arnold charged that Trevor-Roper's account created "misleading impressions." "No one would have guessed from Mr. Trevor-Roper's report . . . that one of the calmest and weightiest contributions was made by Dr. Borkenau—in writing." In dealing with this latter speech, therefore, we are dealing with what passed for calm and weighty political analysis in 1950.

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ism. It is significant that Borkenau still regarded Leninism as a "great achievement"; not, however, because Lenin had contributed to the materialist interpretation of society but because Lenin rejected Marx's "fatalism" and converted socialism "into the free act of a determined, ruthless and opportunist elite." Elitism was one of the things that attracted intellectuals to Leninism in the first place (more than to orthodox Marxism); and even after they had dissociated themselves from its materialist content, they clung to the congenial view of intellectuals as the vanguard of history and to the crude and simplified dialectic (of which Borkenau's speech is an excellent example, and James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution* another) which passed for Marxism in left-wing circles of the thirties.

These things not only demonstrate the amazing persistence and tenacity of the Bolshevik habit of mind even among those who now rejected whatever was radical and liberating in Bolshevism; they also suggest the way in which a certain type of anti-Communist intellectual continued to speak from a point of view "alienated" from bourgeois liberalism. Anti-communism, for such men as Koestler and Borkenau, represented a new stage in their running polemic against bourgeois sentimentality and weakness, bourgeois "utopianism" and bourgeois materialism. In attributing "twenty years of treason" to an alliance between liberals and Communists, the anti-Communist intellectuals put forth their own version of the right-wing ideology that was gaining adherents, in a popular and still cruder form, in all the countries of the West, particularly in Germany and the United States. In the fifties, this high-level McCarthyism (as we shall see) sometimes served as a defense of McCarthyism proper. More often it was associated with official efforts to pre-empt a modified McCarthyism while denouncing McCarthy as a demagogue. In both capacities it contributed measurably to the cold war.

First Aid for Britain

The Berlin meetings, meanwhile, broke up in a spirit of rancor which must have alarmed those who had hoped for a "united front" against Bolshevism. A resolution excluding totalitarian sympathizers "from the Republic of the Spirit" was withdrawn ("Professor Hook and Mr. Burnham," according to Trevor-Roper, "protesting to the end"). The opposition came largely from the English and Scandinavian delegates, a significant fact for two reasons. In the first place, it showed how closely the division of opinion among intellectuals coincided with the distribution of power in the world. In the second place, the reluctance of the British delegates to join a rhetorical crusade against communism seems to have suggested to the officers of the Congress for Cultural Freedom that British intellectuals needed to be approached more energetically than before, if they were not to lapse completely into the heresy of neutralism.

The founding of *Encounter* magazine in 1953, with Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol at its head—after 1958, Spender and Lasky—was the official answer to the "anti-Americanism," as it was now called, which disfigured the English cultural scene. The editors of *Encounter* addressed themselves with zeal to its destruction.

The new magazine lost no time in establishing its point of view and its characteristic tone of ultra-sophistication. The very first issue contained a spirited polemic on the Rosenberg case by Leslie Fiedler, whose uncanny instinct for cultural fashions, combined with a gift for racy language ("Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey"), made him a suitable spokesman for cultural freedom in the fifties. Fiedler had already, in "Hiss, Chambers, and the Age of Innocence," exhorted intellectuals to accept their common guilt in the crimes of Alger Hiss. With an equal disregard for the disputed facts of the case, he now went on to berate sentimentalists who still believed the Rosenbergs to be innocent. "As far as I am concerned, the legal guilt of the Rosenbergs was clearly established at their trial." From the fact of their guilt, Fiedler spun an intricate web of theory intended to show, once again, what a pervasive and deplorable influence Stalinism had exercised, for twenty years, over the life of the mind in America. Years later it turned out that the central document which had been used to convict the Rosenbergs was a crude forgery.

Even while proclaiming the "end of innocence," Fiedler was performing feats of gullibility that rivaled and even excelled the ones he attacked. Again and again, the professional cold warriors were taken in by just such "evidence" as that which convicted the Rosenbergs—evidence brought forward to prove a Communist conspiracy in the United States and a Communist conspiracy to take over the world; or on the other hand, to prove that, whereas Soviet intellectuals lived under bureaucratic control, American intellectuals arrived at their judgments quite independently of official interference. In the latter context, "innocence," the end of which Fiedler somewhat prematurely celebrated, could hardly go further than that of certain editors of *Encounter*, in the matter of the magazine's financing.

For a group of intellectuals who prided themselves on their realism, skepticism and detachment (qualities they regularly displayed in cogent analyses of the deplorable state of affairs in Russia), the editors of *Encounter* and their contributors showed a surprisingly unshakable faith in the good intentions of the American Government. It was inconceivable to them that American officials were not somehow immune to the temptations of great power. The defense of "cultural freedom" was wholly entwined, in their minds, with the defense of the "free world" against communism. Criticism of the men who presided over the free world—even mild criticism—tended automatically to exclude itself from their minds as a subject for serious discussion. These men might make occasional mistakes; but there could be no question of their devotion to freedom.

"*Encounter*," wrote Denis Brogan (a frequent contributor) in 1963, "has been the organ of protest against the *trahison des clercs*." Julian Benda's point, in the book from which Brogan took this phrase, was that intellectuals should serve truth, not power. *Encounter*'s claim to be the defender of intellectual values in a world dominated by ideology rested, therefore, on its vigorous criticism of all influences tending to undermine critical thought, whether they emanated from the Soviet Union or from the United

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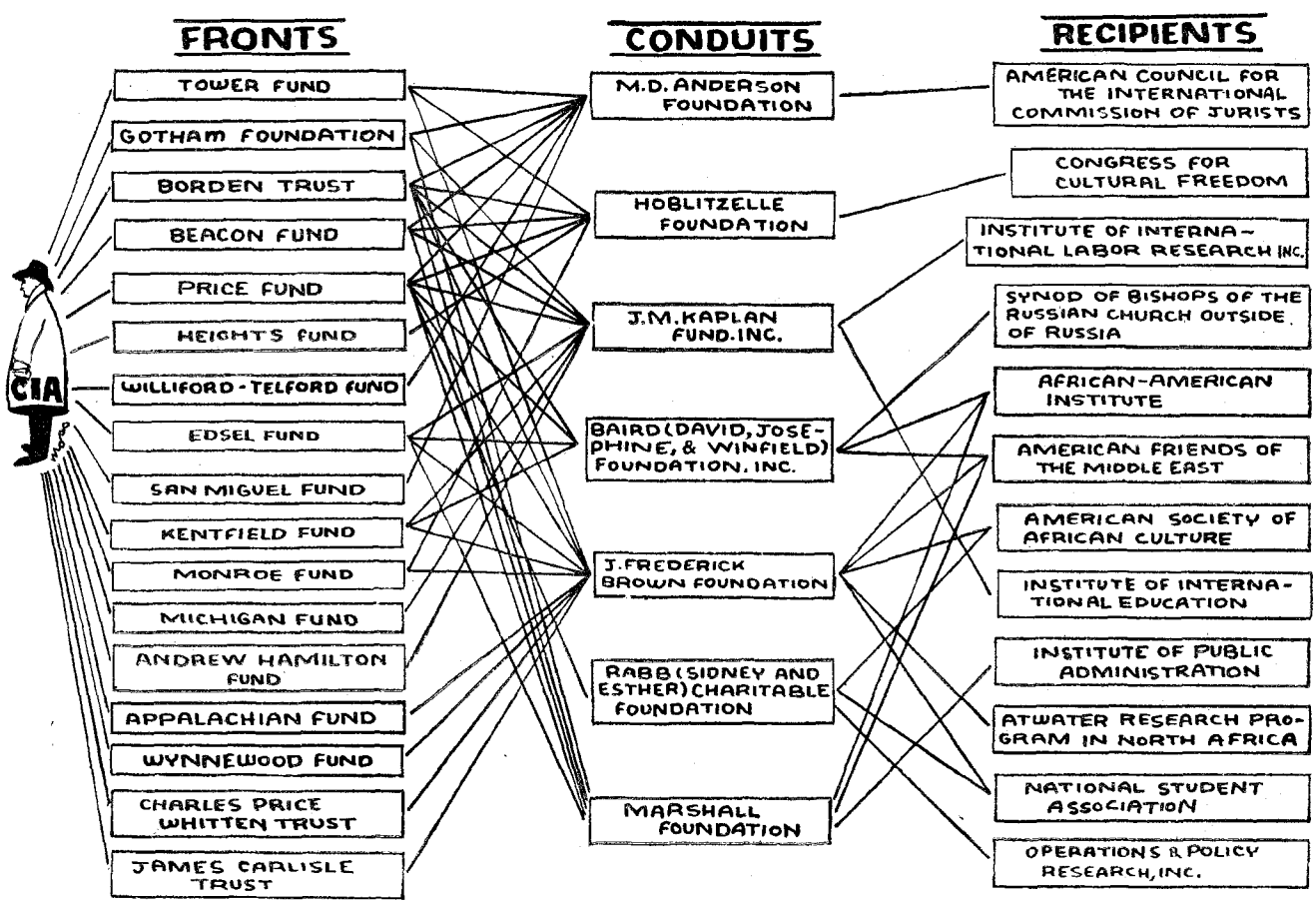
States. This is indeed the claim that the editors and friends of *Encounter* have made. As we shall see, the cold-war liberals have not hesitated to criticize American popular culture or popular politics, but the question is whether they have criticized the American Government or any other aspect of the officially sanctioned order. And the fact is that *Encounter*, like other journals sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom (except perhaps for *Censorship*, which recently expired), consistently approved the broad lines and even the details of American policy, until the war in Vietnam shattered the cold-war coalition and introduced a new phase of American politics.

Writers in *Encounter* denounced the Soviet intervention in Hungary without drawing the same conclusions about the Bay of Pigs. The magazine published Theodore Draper's diatribes against Castro, which laid a theoretical basis for American intervention by depicting Castro as a Soviet puppet and a menace to the Western Hemisphere. Writers in *Encounter* had little if anything to say about the American coup in Guatemala, the CIA's intervention in Iran, its role in the creation of Diem, or the American support of Trujillo; but these same writers regarded Communist "colonialism" with horror. The plight of the Communist satellites wrung their hearts; that of South Korea and South Vietnam left them unmoved. They denounced racism in the Soviet Union while ignoring it in South Africa and the United States until it was no longer possible to ignore it, at which time (1963) *Encounter* published an issue on the "Negro Crisis," the general tone of which was quite consistent with the optimism then being purveyed by the Kennedy administration.

In 1958, Dwight Macdonald submitted an article to *Encounter*—"America! America!"—in which he wondered whether the intellectuals' rush to rediscover their native land (one of the obsessive concerns of the fifties, at almost every level of cultural life) had not produced a somewhat uncritical acquiesence in the American *imperium*. A magazine devoted to the defense of intellectual freedom might have welcomed a piece of criticism on so timely a subject, all the more timely inasmuch as some of the more prominent of the rediscoverers of America (Leslie Fiedler, for example) had also written for *Encounter*. Instead, the editors asked Macdonald to publish his article elsewhere. In the correspondence that followed, according to Macdonald, "the note sounded more than once . . . [was] that publication of my article might embarrass the Congress in its relations with the American foundations which support it." When the incident became public, Nicholas Nabokov, secretary general of the Congress, pointed in triumph to the fact that Macdonald's article had eventually appeared in *Tempo Presente*, an Italian periodical sponsored by the Congress. That proved, he said, that the Paris headquarters of the Congress did not dictate editorial policy to the magazines it supported. But the question was not whether the Paris office dictated to the editors; the question was whether the editors took it upon themselves to avoid displeasing the sponsors, whoever they



Harry Moss (based on a chart in Newsweek)

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were, standing behind the Congress for Cultural Freedom. The reference to "American foundations," in their correspondence with Macdonald, seemed to suggest that the editors exercised a degree of self-censorship, partly conscious and partly unconscious, that made any other form of censorship unnecessary. It was possible that they had so completely assimilated the official point of view that they were no longer aware of the way in which their writings had come to serve as rationalizations of American world power.

Mission to India

The Congress for Cultural Freedom, growing directly out of the postwar power struggle in Europe, centered most of its attention on Europe, as did American foreign policy in the fifties, but it did not neglect the rest of the world. In 1951 it sponsored a large conference in India, attended by such luminaries as Denis de Rougemont, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, Ignazio Silone, Louis Fischer, Norman Thomas and, of course, James Burnham, without whom, in those early days, no gathering of the Congress was complete. The *Times* correspondent understated the case when he wrote that "many of the delegates are said to be former Communists, who have become critics." He noted further: "The meeting has been described as an answer to the 'World Peace Conference' supported by the Soviet Union." (The Berlin conference of the year before, it will be recalled, was also conceived as a response to Soviet "peace propaganda." Its immediate stimulus was a series of peace congresses in East Germany.)

The delegates meeting in India hoped to bring home to the nonaligned nations the immorality of neutralism. Transferred to a non-Western setting, however, the reiteration of this theme, which had gone down so well with the Berliners, led to an "unexpected undertone of dissatisfaction," according to the *Times*. When Denis de Rougemont "compared the present Indian neutrality with that of the lamb that is neutral between the wolf and the shepherd," one of the Indian delegates drew from the fable a moral quite different from the one intended. He pointed out that the shepherd, having saved the lamb from the wolf, "shears the lamb and possibly eats it." Many Indians boycotted the Congress because it had been "branded widely as a U.S. propaganda device." The Indian Government took pains to withhold official sanction from the meeting, and insisted that it be held, not as intended in the capital, New Delhi, but in Bombay.

It seemed at times that the Indians did not want to be free. Robert Trumbull, a correspondent of the *Times*, tried to reassure his readers about their "peculiar" point of view. The Indian speakers weren't really neutralists, they were only "manifesting the common Indian oratorial tendency to stray from the real point of the issue in hand." A dispassionate observer might have concluded that they understood the point all too well.

The Congress, having in any case suffered a rebuff, made no more direct attacks on neutralism in the Third World. In 1958 it held a conference on the problems of developing nations, but the tone of this meeting differed noticeably from the one in Bombay. (It was on the second of these occasions, incidentally, that Richard Rovere wrote the memorable description of the Congress for Cultural Freedom as "a worthy organization, anti-Communist and generally libertarian in outlook and associated with no government.") The conference, meeting on the isle of Rhodes, produced no notable results. Probably it was not expected to have any. Already the global struggle for cultural freedom seemed to have entered a new phase, in which the crudely propagandist flavor of the Berlin and Bombay meetings had given way to a new worldliness, a new "sophistication"—about neutralism, for example—that heralded the coming of the New Frontier. A new official style was emerging, faithfully reflected in the Congress for Cultural Freedom—urbane, cool and bureaucratic. The old slogans had become passe (even as the old policies continued). The union of intellect and power deceptively presented itself as an apparent liberalization of official attitudes, an apparent relaxation of American anti-communism. McCarthyism was dead and civilized conversation in great demand. The Congress for Cultural Freedom no longer proselytized; to everyone's delight, it sponsored conversation—bounded, of course, by the limits of rational discourse, the agreed-upon end of ideology, but with no other visible strings attached. The Congress flew people to Rhodes (a pleasant place to find oneself in the middle of an American winter) and encouraged them to participate in a highly civilized, non-ideological discussion of economic development—a gratifying experience for everybody concerned, all the more so since it made so few demands on the participants. Expansive and tolerant, the Congress asked only that intellectuals avail themselves of the increasing opportunities for travel and enlightenment that the defense of freedom made possible.

Home Front Rancors

Shortly after the founding of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, its more active members set up subsidiaries in various countries. The American Committee for Cultural Freedom was founded in 1951 by Burnham, Farrell, Schlesinger, Hook and others, to hold annual forums on such topics as "The Ex-Communist: His Role in a Democracy" or "Anti-Americanism in Europe"; to "counteract the influence of mendacious Communist propaganda" (for instance, "the Communist assertion that the Rosenbergs were victimized innocents"); to defend academic freedom; and in general "to resist the lengthening shadow of thought-control." The Committee had a limited though illustrious membership, never exceeding 600, and it subsisted on grants from the Congress and on public contributions. It repeatedly made public appeals for money, even announcing, in 1957, that it was going out of business for lack of funds. It survived; but ever since that time it has been semi-moribund, for reasons that will become clearer in a moment.

Sidney Hook was the first chairman of the ACCF. He was succeeded in 1952 by George S. Counts of Teachers College, Columbia, who was followed in 1954 by Robert Gorham Davis of Smith. James T. Farrell, who took Davis' place in the same year, resigned in 1956 after a quarrel with other members of the Committee. Traveling

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in the Third World, he had come to the conclusion that foreign aid was a waste of money and that the Indians, for instance, believed that their best policy was "to flirt with Communists, insult us and perhaps get more money out of us." In a letter written from Turkey and published in the Chicago *Tribune,* Farrell insisted that American aid should be given only on condition that the recipients join the United States in "a truly honest partnership in freedom"; otherwise Americans "should retire to our own shores" and "go it alone."

Diana Trilling, chairman of the administrative committee of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, attacked Farrell's letter on the ground that it "sullied his long record as a champion of understanding among the free peoples of the world." Anyone expressing such opinions, she said, was "not suited" for the chairmanship of the ACCF. Farrell, in resigning, said that "his travels had convinced him that he and other members had been 'wrong' in earlier struggles against Paris office policies." His statement, incidentally, suggests that the Paris office sometimes tried to enforce its own views on subsidiary organizations, in spite of its disclaimers. It also shows—what should already be apparent—that the Congress in its early period took a very hard line on neutralism.

Farrell's resignation, along with other events, signaled the breakdown of the coalition on which the American Committee was based, a coalition of moderate liberals and reactionaries (both groups including a large number of ex-Communists) held together by their mutual obsession with the Communist conspiracy. James Burnham had already resigned in 1954. Earlier Burnham had resigned as a member of the advisory board of *Partisan Review* (which since 1959 has been sponsored by the Committee) in a dispute with the editors over McCarthyism. Burnham approved of McCarthy's actions and held that the attack upon him was a "diversionary" issue created by Communists. William Phillips and Philip Rahv, adapting a favorite slogan of the cold war to their own purposes, announced that there was no room on *Partisan Review* for "neutralism" about McCarthy.

Originally, the ACCF took quite literally the assertion, advanced by Koestler and others at Berlin, that the Communist issue overrode conventional distinctions between Left and Right. Right wingers like Burnham, Farrell, Ralph de Toledano, John Chamberlain, John Dos Passos, and even Whittaker Chambers consorted with Schlesinger, Hook, Irving Kristol, Daniel Bell and other liberals. In the early fifties, this uneasy alliance worked because the liberals generally took positions that conceded a good deal of ground to the Right, if they were not indistinguishable from those of the Right. But the end of the Korean War and the censure of McCarthy in 1954 created a slightly less oppressive air in which the right-wing rhetoric of the early fifties seemed increasingly inappropriate to political realities. Now that McCarthy was dead as a political force, the liberals courageously attacked him, thereby driving the Right out of the Committee for Cultural Freedom.

The ACCF and its parent, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, had taken shape in a period of the cold war when official anti-communism had not clearly distinguished itself, rhetorically, from the anti-communism of the Right. In a later period official liberalism, having taken over essential features of the rightist world view, belatedly dissociated itself from the cruder and blatantly reactionary type of anti-communism, and now pursued the same anti-Communist policies in the name of anti-imperialism and progressive change. Once again, the Kennedy administration contributed decisively to the change of style, placing more emphasis on "counterinsurgency" than on military alliances, advocating an "Alliance for Progress," de-emphasizing military aid in favor of "development," refraining from attacks on neutralism, and presenting itself as the champion of democratic revolution in the undeveloped world.

The practical result of the change was a partial *detente,* with communism in Europe and a decidedly more aggressive policy in the rest of the world (made possible by that *detente*), of which the most notable products were the Bay of Pigs, the Dominican intervention and the war in Vietnam. The particular brand of anti-communism that flourished in the fifties grew out of the postwar power struggles in Europe and out of traumas of 20th-century history—fascism, Stalinism, the crisis of liberal democracy—all of which had concerned Europe, not Asia. The anti-communism of the sixties focused on the Third World and demanded another kind of rhetoric.

Heresy or Conspiracy

During its active years, however, the ACCF represented a coalition of liberals and reactionaries who shared a conspiratorial view of communism and who agreed, moreover, that the Communist conspiracy had spread through practically every level of American society. (It is the adherence of liberals to these dogmas that shows how much they had conceded to the right-wing view of history.) Sidney Hook's "Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No!," published in *The New York Times Magazine* in 1950-51 and distributed as a pamphlet by the ACCF, set forth the orthodox position and tried to distinguish it (not very successfully) from that of the Right, as well as from "ritualistic liberalism." Heresy—the open expression of dissenting opinions—had to be distinguished, according to Hook, from secret movements seeking to attain their ends "not by normal political or educational processes but by playing outside the rules of the game." This distinction did not lead Hook to conclude that communism, insofar as it was a heresy as opposed to a conspiracy, was entitled to constitutional protection. On the contrary, he argued that communism was a conspiracy by its very nature—a point he sought to establish by quotations from Lenin and Stalin which purportedly revealed a grand design for world conquest. Since they were members of an international conspiracy—servants of a foreign power—Communists could not expect to enjoy the same liberties enjoyed by other Americans.

The American Committee's official position on academic freedom started from the same premise. "A member of the Communist Party has transgressed the canons of academic responsibility, has engaged his intellect to servility, and is therefore professionally disqualified from performing his functions as scholar and teacher." The committee on academic freedom (Counts, Hook, Arthur O. Lovejoy

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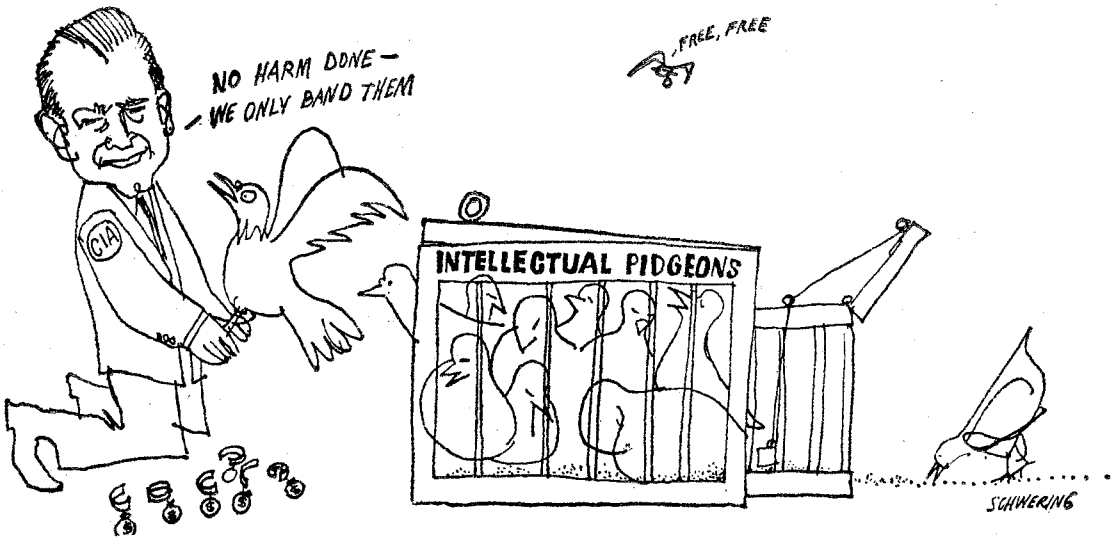

and Paul R. Hays) characteristically went on to argue that the matter of Communists should be left "in the hands of the colleges, and their faculties." "There is no justification for a Congressional committee to concern itself with the question." Academic freedom meant self-determination for the academic community. The full implications of this position will be explored in due time.

"Ritualistic liberals," according to Hook, not only failed to distinguish between heresy and conspiracy, they helped to "weaken the moral case of Western democracy against Communist totalitarianism" by deploring witch hunts. Hook, like many liberals in the ACCF, essentially endorsed James Burnham's contention that this issue was a Communist diversion, conjured up to divide the forces of anti-communism. Talk of witch hunts, he argued, gave the unfortunate impression that America was "on the verge of fascism."

He conceded that some demagogues—he tactfully refrained from naming them—sought to discredit unpopular reforms by unfairly labeling them Communist. But the important point was that these activities were not the official policy of "our government," they were the actions of "cultural vigilantes." Ignorant people saw progressive education, for example, or the federal withholding tax, as evidence of Communist subversion—an absurdity which suggested to Hook, not the inherent absurdity of the anti-Communist ideology but the absurdity of untutored individuals concerning themselves with matters best left to experts. "A community has a right to decide whether it wishes to support a medical system or a school system. But it would be absurd to try to settle, by the pressures of the market place, what medical theories should guide medical practice or what educational theories should guide educational practice." Likewise it was absurd to argue that a withholding tax on wages was "a sign of a police state." "There may be relevant arguments against any general or specific form of tax withholding, but they are of a technical economic nature and have absolutely nothing to do with a police state."

Once again, the student of these events is struck by the way in which ex-Communists seem always to have retained the worst of Marx and Lenin and to have discarded the best. The elitism which once glorified intellectuals as a revolutionary *avant-garde* now glorifies them as experts and social technicians. On the other hand, Marx's insistence that political issues be seen in their social context—his insistence, for example, that questions of taxation are not "technical" questions but political questions the solutions to which reflect the type of social organization in which they arise—this social determinism, which makes Marx's ideas potentially so useful as a method of social analysis, has been sloughed off by Hook without a qualm. These reflections lead one to the conclusion, once more, that intellectuals were more attracted to Marxism in the first place as an elitist and anti-democratic ideology than as a means of analysis which provided not answers but the beginnings of a critical theory of society.

Hook's whole line of argument, with its glorification of experts and its attack on amateurs, reflected one of the dominant values of the modern intellectual—his acute sense of himself as a professional with a vested interest in technical solutions to political problems. Leave education to the educators and taxation to the tax lawyers. Hook's attack on "cultural vigilantism" paralleled the academic interpretation of McCarthyism as a form of Populism and a form of anti-intellectualism, except that it did not even go so far as to condemn McCarthyism itself; instead, it focused attention on peripheral issues like progressive education and the withholding tax.

Some liberals, in fact, specifically defended McCarthy. Irving Kristol, in his notorious article in the March, 1952 issue of *Commentary*, admitted that McCarthy was a "vulgar demagogue," but added: "There is one thing that the American people know about Senator McCarthy; he, like them, is unequivocally anti-Communist. About the spokesmen for American liberalism, they feel they know no such thing." This article has been cited many times to show how scandalously the anti-Communist Left allied itself with the Right. Kristol's article was a scandal, but it was no more a scandal than the apparently more moderate position which condemned unauthorized anti-communism while endorsing the official variety. By defining the issue as "cultural vigilantism," the anti-Communist intellectuals lent themselves to the dominant drive

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of the modern state—not only to eliminate the private use of violence (vigilantism) but to discredit all criticism which does not come from officially recognized experts ("cultural vigilantism"). The attack on vigilantism played directly into the state's hands. The government had a positive interest in suppressing McCarthy, not because of any solicitude for civil liberties but because McCarthy's unauthorized anti-communism competed with and disrupted official anti-Communist activities like the Voice of America. This point was made again and again during the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Indeed the fact that it was the Army that emerged as McCarthy's most powerful antagonist is itself suggestive.) The same point dominated the propaganda of the ACCF: unofficial anti-communism actually weakened the nation in its struggle with communism. "Government agencies," said Hook, "find their work hampered by the private fevers of cultural vigilantism which have arisen like a rash from the anti-Communist mood." "Constant vigilance," he added, "does not require private citizens to usurp the functions of agencies entrusted with the task of detection and exposure."

In effect—though they would have denied it—the intellectuals of the ACCF defined cultural freedom as whatever best served the interests of the United States Government. Vigilantism was bad because it competed with the experts; also because it blackened the image of the United States abroad. When James Wechsler was dropped from a television program, *The New Leader* (a magazine which consistently took the same positions as the ACCF) wrote: "This lends substance to the Communist charge that America is hysteria-ridden." After McCarthy's attack on the Voice of America, even Sidney Hook criticized McCarthy because of "the incalculable harm he is doing to the reputation of the United States abroad." The ACCF officially condemned McCarthy's investigation of the Voice of America. "The net effect, at this crucial moment, has been to frustrate the very possibility of the United States embarking on a program of psychological warfare against world communism." A few months later, the ACCF announced the appointment of Sol Stein as its executive director. Stein had been a writer and political affairs analyst for the Voice of America. He was succeeded in 1956 by Norman Jacobs, chief political commentator of the Voice of America and head of its Central Radio Features Branch from 1948 to 1955.

The 'Sincerity' Test

While avoiding a principled attack on McCarthyism, the ACCF kept up a running fire on "anti-anti-communism." (It was characteristic of the period that issues so often presented themselves in this sterile form and that positions were formulated not with regard to the substance of a question but with regard to an attitude or "posture" which it was deemed desirable to hold.) In January, 1953, the ACCF handed down a directive setting out the grounds on which it was permissible to involve oneself in the Rosenberg case. "[The] pre-eminent fact of the Rosenbergs' guilt must be openly acknowledged before any appeal for clemency can be regarded as having been made in good faith. Those who allow the Communists to make use of their names in such a way as to permit any doubt to arise about the Rosenbergs' guilt are doing a grave disservice to the cause of justice—and of mercy, too."

In 1954, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee sponsored a conference at Princeton, at which Albert Einstein, along with Corliss Lamont, I. F. Stone, Dirk Struik, and others, urged intellectuals not to cooperate with "witch-hunting" Congressional committees. Sol Stein immediately announced that the ACCF opposed any "exploitation" of academic freedom and civil liberties "by persons who are at this late date still sympathetic to the cause of the Soviet Union." Following its usual practice, the ACCF proceeded to lay down a standard to which any "sincere" criticism of American life, even of McCarthyism, had to conform. "The test of any group's sincerity is whether it is opposed to threats of freedom anywhere in the world and whether it is concerned about the gross suppression of civil liberties and academic freedom behind the Iron Curtain. The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has not met that test." The validity of criticism, in other words, depended not so much on its substance as on its adherence to a prescribed ritual of dissent—a ritual, one can see, which had a special significance for ex-Communists because it required the critic first of all to purge himself by denouncing the crimes of Stalinism, but which invariably served to blunt criticism of the United States.

On another occasion, the ACCF tried to plant with the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* a story, already circulated by *The New Leader*, that a certain liberal journalist was a "Soviet espionage agent." Sol Stein called the city desk with what he described as a "Junior Alger Hiss" story. The reporter who took the call asked whether the proper place to determine the truth of these charges was not a court of law. Stein replied, in this reporter's words, that "libel suits were a Communist trick to destroy opposition by forcing it to bear the expense of trial." The reporter then asked whether the ACCF was "upholding the right of people to call anyone a Communist without being subject to libel suits." Stein said: "You misunderstand the context of the times. Many reckless charges are being made today. But when the charges are documented, the Committee believes you have the right to say someone is following the Communist line without being brought into court." The reporter asked if Stein had any proof that the journalist in question was a Soviet spy. Stein said no, "but we have mountains of material that show he consistently follows the Soviet line."

When they took positions of which the ACCF disapproved the "ritualistic liberals" were Communist tools. When they took positions critical of the Soviet Union, the ACCF denied their right to take them. Arthur Miller in 1956 wrote a statement condemning political interference with art in the Soviet Union. The ACCF did not congratulate him; it asked why he had not taken the same position in 1949. The Committee also noted that Miller, in any case, had made an unforgivable mistake: he had criticized political interference with art not only in the Soviet Union but in the United States, thereby implying that the two situations were comparable. American incidents, the Committee declared, were "episodic violations of the

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tradition of political and cultural freedom in the United States," whereas "the official government policy" of the USSR was to "impose a 'party line' in all fields of art, culture and science, and enforcing such a line with sanctions ranging from imprisonment to exile to loss of job." Having dutifully rapped Miller's knuckles, the ACCF then went on to make use of his statement by challenging the Soviet Government to circulate it in Russia.

Where the Chips Fell

In 1955 a *New York Times* editorial praised the ACCF for playing a vital role in "the struggle for the loyalty of the world's intellectuals"—in itself a curious way of describing the defense of cultural freedom. The *Times* went on to make the same claim that was so frequently made by the Committee itself: "The group's authority to speak for freedom against Communist slavery has been enhanced by its courageous fight against those threatening our own civil liberties from the Right." We have already noted that the Committee's quarrel with the Right, even though it finally led to the departure of the right-wing members of the Committee, was far from "courageous." Even when it found itself confronted with cultural vigilantism in its most obvious forms, the Committee stopped short of an unambiguous defense of intellectual freedom. In 1955, for instance, Muhlenberg College canceled a Charlie Chaplin film festival under pressure from a local post of the American Legion. The ACCF protested that "while it is perfectly clear that Chaplin tends to be pro-Soviet and anti-American in his political attitudes, there is no reason why we should not enjoy his excellent movies, which have nothing to do with Communist totalitarianism." This statement left the disturbing implication that if Chaplin's films could be regarded as political, the ban would have been justified. The assertion that art had nothing to do with politics was the poorest possible ground on which to defend cultural freedom.

But whatever the nature of the ACCF's critique of vigilantism, a better test of its "authority to speak for freedom" would have been its willingness to criticize *official* activities in the United States—the real parallel to Soviet repression. (In the Soviet Union, attacks on vigilantism are doubtless not only not proscribed but encouraged. It is attacks on Soviet officials that are not permitted.) It is worth examining, therefore, the few occasions on which the ACCF expressed even the slightest disapproval of American policy.

In March, 1955, the Committee criticized a post office ban on *Pravda* and *Izvestia* as "unreasonable and ineffective in dealing with the Communist conspiracy." A year later the Committee deplored the Treasury Department's raid on the office of *The Daily Worker*. "However much we abominate *The Daily Worker* . . . we must protest even this much interference with the democratic right to publish freely." The ACCF criticized the Agriculture Department's dismissal of Wolf Ladejinsky and the Atomic Energy Commission's persecution of Oppenheimer, in both cases arguing that the victims had established themselves in recent years as impeccably anti-Communist. On one occasion the ACCF attacked the U.S. Information Agency because it had canceled an art show in response to charges that four of the artists represented were subversive. Diana Trilling insisted that "actions of this kind hold us up to derision abroad." She went on to question the judgment of government officials "who mix politics and art to the detriment of both."

On the other hand, when 360 citizens petitioned the Supreme Court to repeal the 1950 Internal Security Act (which created the Subversive Activities Control Board), James T. Farrell issued a statement for the ACCF calling the petitions "naive," accusing them of a "whitewash" of the Communist Party, and declaring that if freedom were left in their hands "it would have no future."

The infrequency of complaints against American officials, together with the triviality of the issues that called them forth—as contrasted with the issues against which others protested out of their "naivete"—show that the anti-Communist liberals cannot claim to have defended cultural freedom in the United States with the same consistency and vigor with which they defended it in Russia. In the first place, they concerned themselves with the actions of vigilantes at a time when the gravest threat to freedom came from the state. In the second place, even the attack on vigilantism was halfhearted; it was only when McCarthyism moved against the Voice of America that the ACCF criticized him at all, and most of the criticism came after McCarthy had already been censured by the Senate. Claiming to be the vanguard of the struggle for cultural freedom, the anti-Communist intellectuals in reality brought up the rear.

Finally, they based their positions (such positions as they took) on grounds that had nothing to do with cultural freedom. They condemned vigilantism on the grounds that it embarrassed the United States abroad and interfered with the government's efforts to root out the Communist conspiracy at home. They criticized interference with art not because they thought that the best art inevitably subverts conventions (including political ones) and is valuable for that very reason but because they believed, on the contrary, that art and politics should be "divorced."* They defended academic freedom for non-Communists only, and even for non-Communists they defended it on the ground that educators, as experts in a complicated technique, ought to be left alone to manage their own affairs.

In all of this, the cold-war intellectuals revealed themselves as the servants of bureaucratic power; and it was not altogether surprising, years later, to find that the relation of intellectuals to power was even closer than it had seemed at the time.

The Professional and the State

As a group, intellectuals had achieved a semi-official status which assigned them professional responsibility for the machinery of education and for cultural affairs in general. Within this sphere—within the schools, the universities, the theatre, the concert hall and the politico-literary magazines—they had achieved both autonomy and

*The popularity of the "new criticism," with its insistence that a work of art can be understood without any reference to the author's life, was symptomatic of the cultural climate of the fifties.

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affluence, as the social value of their services became apparent to the government, to corporations and to the foundations.

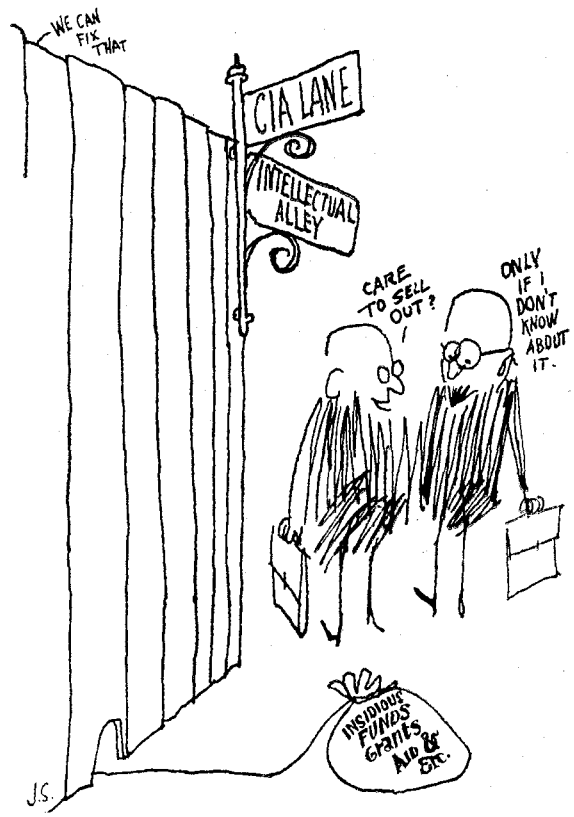
Professional intellectuals had become indispensable to society and to the state (in ways which neither the intellectuals nor even the state always perceived), partly because of the increasing importance of education—especially the need for trained experts—and partly because the cold war seemed to demand that the United States compete with communism in the cultural sphere as well as in every other. The modern state, among other things, is an engine of propaganda, alternately manufacturing crises and claiming to be the only instrument which can effectively deal with them. This propaganda, in order to be successful, demands the cooperation of writers, teachers and artists not as paid propagandists or state-censored time servers but as "free" intellectuals capable of policing their own jurisdictions and of enforcing acceptable standards of responsibility within the various intellectual professions.

A system like this presupposes two things: a high degree of professional consciousness among intellectuals, and general economic affluence which frees the patrons of intellectual life from the need to account for the money they spend on culture. Once these conditions exist, as they have existed in the United States for some time, intellectuals can be trusted to censor themselves, and crude "political" influence over intellectual life comes to seem passe. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, intellectuals are insufficiently professionalized to be able effectively to resist political control. As one would expect in a developing society, a strong commitment to applied knowledge mitigates against the development of "pure" standards which is one of the chief prerequisites of professionalization.

It can be demonstrated that in the 19th century United States professionalization of intellectual activities went hand in hand with the acceptance of pure research as a legitimate enterprise, first among intellectuals themselves and then among their patrons. Only when they win acceptance for pure research do intellectuals establish themselves as masters in their own house, free from the nagging public scrutiny that naively expects to see the value of intellectual activity measured in immediate practical applications. This battle having been won, the achievement of "academic freedom" is comparatively easy, since academic freedom presents itself (as we have seen) not as a defense of the necessarily subversive character of good intellectual work but as a prerequisite for pure research. Moreover, the more intellectual purity identifies itself with "value-free" investigations, the more it empties itself of political content and the easier it is for public officials to tolerate it. The "scientific" spirit, spreading from the natural sciences to social studies, tends to drain the latter of their critical potential while at the same time making them ideal instruments of bureaucratic control.

The high status enjoyed by American intellectuals depends on their having convinced their backers in government and industry that "basic research" produces better results in the long run than mindless empiricism. But in order for intellectuals to win this battle it was necessary not only to convince themselves of these things but to overcome the narrowly utilitarian approach to knowledge that usually prevails among the patrons of learning. The advancement of pure learning on a large scale demands that the sponsors of learning be willing to spend large sums of money without hope of immediate return. In advanced capitalism, this requirement happily coincides with the capitalists' need to engage in conspicuous expenditure; hence the dominant role played by "captains of industry" in the professionalization of higher education (with the results described by Veblen in *The Higher Learning in America*).

At a still later stage of development, the same role is played by the foundations and directly by government,



both of which need to engage in a form of expenditure (not necessarily conspicuous in all its details) that shares with the conspicuous expenditure of the capitalist a marked indifference to results. Modern bureaucracies are money-spending agencies. The more money a bureaucracy can spend, the larger the budget it can claim. Since the bureaucracy is more interested in its own aggrandizement than in doing a job, the bureaucrat is restrained in his expenditure only by the need to account to some superior and ultimately, perhaps, to the public; but in complicated bureaucracies it is hard for anyone to account for the money, particularly since a state of continual emergency can be invoked to justify secrecy in all the important operations of government. This state of perfect nonaccountability, which is the goal toward which bureaucracies ceaselessly strive, works to the indirect advantage of pure research and of the professionalized intellectuals.

In Soviet Russia, a comparatively undeveloped economy cannot sustain the luxury of unaccounted expendi-

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ture, and the bureaucracy is still infected, therefore, by a penny-pinching mentality that begrudges expenditures unless they can be justified in utilitarian terms. This attitude, together with the lack of professional consciousness among intellectuals themselves (many of whom share the belief that knowledge is valuable not for itself but for the social and political uses to which it can be put), is the source of the political interference with knowledge that is so widely deplored in the West. It is obvious that the critical spirit cannot thrive under these conditions. Even art is judged in narrowly utilitarian terms and subjected to autocratic regulation by ignorant bureaucrats.

What needs to be emphasized, however, is that the triumph of academic freedom in the United States, under the special conditions which have brought it about, does not necessarily lead to intellectual independence and critical thinking. It is a serious mistake to confuse academic freedom with cultural freedom. American intellectuals are not subject to political control, but the very conditions which have brought about this result have undermined their capacity for independent thought. The American press is free, but it censors itself. The university is free, but it has purged itself of ideas. The literary intellectuals are free, but they use their freedom to propagandize for the state.

The freedom of American intellectuals as a professional class blinds them to their un-freedom. It leads them to confuse the political interests of intellectuals as an official minority with the progress of intellect. Their freedom from overt political control (particularly from "vigilantes") blinds them to the way in which the "knowledge industry" has been incorporated into the state and the military-industrial complex. Since the state exerts so little censorship over the cultural enterprises it subsidizes—since on the contrary it supports basic research, congresses for cultural freedom, and various liberal organizations—intellectuals do not see that these activities serve the interests of the state, not the interests of intellect. All they can see is the absence of external censorship; that and that alone proves to their satisfaction that Soviet intellectuals are slaves and American intellectuals free men. Meanwhile, their own self-censorship makes them eligible for the official recognition and support that sustain the illusion that the American Government, unlike the Soviet Government, greatly values the life of the mind. The circle of illusion is thus complete; and even the revelation that the campaign for "cultural freedom" was itself the creation and tool of the state has not yet torn away the veil.

The Intellectual Front

That there is no necessary contradiction between the interests of organized intellectuals and the interests of American world power, that the intellectual community can be trusted to police itself and should be left free from annoying pressures from outside, that dissenting opinion within the framework of agreement on cold-war fundamentals not only should be tolerated but can be turned to effective propaganda use abroad—all these things were apparent, in the early fifties, to the more enlightened members of the governmental bureaucracy; but they were far from being universally acknowledged even in the bureaucracy, much less in Congress or in the country as a whole. "Back in the early 1950s," says Thomas W. Braden, the man who supervised the cultural activities of the CIA, " . . . the idea that Congress would have approved many of our projects was about as likely as the John Birch Society's approving Medicare." There was resistance to these projects in the CIA itself. To a man of Braden's background and inclinations, the idea of supporting liberal and Socialist "fronts" grew naturally out of the logic of the cold war. During the Second World War, Braden served with the OSS—next to the Communist movement itself, the most fruitful source, it would appear, of postwar anti-communism (the same people often having served in both). After joining the CIA in 1950, Braden served as a member of the California State Board of Education. He was a new type of bureaucrat, equally at home in government and in academic circles; but when in 1950 he proposed that "the CIA ought to take on the Russians by penetrating a battery of international fronts," his more conventional colleagues made the quaint objection that "this is just another one of those goddamned proposals for getting into everybody's hair." Allan Dulles intervened to save the project after it had been voted down by the division chiefs. "Thus began the first centralized effort to combat Communist fronts."

Before they had finished, the directors of the CIA had infiltrated the National Student Association, the Institute of International Labor Research, the American Newspaper Guild, the American Friends of the Middle East, the National Council of Churches and many other worthy organizations. "We . . . placed one agent in a Europe-based organization of intellectuals called the Congress for Cultural Freedom," Braden notes. This "agent" was Michael Josselson, who was born in Russia in 1908, educated in Germany, represented American department stores in Paris in the mid-thirties, came to the United States just before the war, and was naturalized in 1941. During the war Josselson, like Braden, served in the OSS. Afterwards he was sent to Berlin as an officer for cultural affairs in Patton's army. There he met Melvin J. Lasky. In 1947 he and Lasky led a walkout of anti-Communists from a cultural meeting in the Russian sector of Berlin. When they organized the Congress for Cultural Freedom in 1950, Josselson became its executive director—a position he still holds, in spite of the exposure of his connection with the CIA.

"Another agent became an editor of *Encounter*." The usefulness of these agents, Braden comments, was that they "could not only propose anti-Communist programs to the official leaders of the organizations but they could also suggest ways and means to solve the inevitable budgetary problems. Why not see if the needed money could be obtained from 'American foundations' "? Note that he does not describe the role of the CIA as having been restricted to financing these fronts; its agents were also to promote "anti-Communist programs." When it became public that the Congress for Cultural Freedom had been financed for sixteen years by the CIA, the editors of *Encounter* made a great point

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of the fact that the Congress had never dictated policy to the magazine; but the whole question takes on a different color in light of Braden's disclosure that one of the editors of *Encounter*—it is not clear whether he refers to Lasky or Kristol—had worked for the CIA. Under these circumstances, it was unnecessary for the Congress to dictate policy to *Encounter*; nor would the other editors, ignorant of these connections, have been aware of any direct intervention by the CIA.

On April 27, 1966, *The New York Times,* in a long article on the CIA, reported that the CIA had supported the Congress for Cultural Freedom and other organizations through a system of dummy foundations, and that "*Encounter* magazine . . . was for a long time—though it is not now—one of the indirect beneficiaries of CIA funds." (Rumors to this effect had circulated for years.) The editors of *Encounter*—Stephen Spender, Lasky and Irving Kristol—wrote an extremely disingenuous letter to the *Times* in which they tried to refute the assertion without denying it outright. They asserted—what was a half-truth at best—that the Congress' funds "were derived from various recognized foundations—all of them (from such institutions as the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations to the smaller ones) publicly listed in the official directories." What was not publicly listed was the fact that some of these "smaller ones" received money from the CIA for the express purpose of supporting the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Thus between 1961 and 1966, the CIA through some of its phony foundations (in this case the Tower Fund, the Borden Trust, the Beacon Fund, the Price Fund, the Heights Fund and the Monroe Fund) gave $430,700 to the Hoblitzelle Foundation, a philanthropical enterprise established by the Dallas millionaire Karl Hoblitzelle, and the Hoblitzelle Foundation obligingly passed along these funds to the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Needless to say, no hint of these transactions was in the Lasky-Spender-Kristol letter to the *Times.*

Privately, Lasky went much further and declared categorically that *Encounter* had never received funds from the CIA. (Later he admitted that he had been "insufficiently frank" with his colleagues and friends.) In public, however, the magazine's defense was conducted in language of deliberate ambiguity. Another letter to the *Times,* signed by John K. Galbraith, George Kennan, Robert Oppenheimer and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., completely avoided the question of *Encounter*'s financing and argued merely that the magazine's editorial independence proved that it had never been "used" by the CIA. One must ask why these men felt it necessary to make such a guarded statement; and why, since they had to state their position so cautiously, they felt it necessary to make any statement at all. The matter is even more puzzling in view of Galbraith's statement in the New York *World Journal Tribune* (March 13, 1967) that "some years ago," while attending a meeting of the Congress in Berlin (he probably refers to a conference held there in 1960), he had been told by a "knowledgeable friend" that the Congress for Cultural Freedom might be receiving support from the CIA. Galbraith says

that he "subjected its treasurer to interrogation and found that the poor fellow had been trained in ambiguity but not dissemblance." "I was disturbed," he says, "and I don't think I would have attended any more meetings" if his entrance into government service had not ended his participation. In an interview with Ivan Yates of the London *Observer* (May 14, 1967), Galbraith says that he "made a mental note to attend no more meetings of the Congress." Yates asked "how in that case he could possibly have signed the letter to *The New York Times.*" He replied that at the time, he had 'very strong suspicions' that the CIA had been financing the Congress. 'I was writing really with reference to *Encounter,* but you could easily persuade me that the letter was much too fulsome.' "

Whereas Lasky believes that he was "insufficiently frank," Galbraith allows that he may have been "too fulsome." His urbanity is imperturbable.

The letter was "fulsome" indeed. Moreover, it specifically dealt with the Congress for Cultural Freedom, not with *Encounter,* which it does not even mention by name. The letter states that "examination of the record of the congress, its magazines and its other activities will, we believe, convince the most skeptical that the

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congress has had no loyalty except an unswerving commitment to cultural freedom. . . . " Yet one of the signers of this statement was sufficiently skeptical to have "made a mental note" not to attend any more meetings of the Congress! And he was assuring the still unsuspecting public of the Congress' unimpeachable independence long after he had privately reached the conclusion that it was probably being supported by the CIA.

We have heard a great deal about the "credibility gap" that is supposed to have been created by the Johnson Administration; but what about the credibility of our most eminent intellectuals? As a further indication of the values that prevail among them, when the *Encounter* affair finally became public, Galbraith's principal concern was that a valuable public enterprise was in danger of being discredited. The whole wretched business seemed inescapably to point to the conclusion that cultural freedom had been consistently confused with American propaganda, and that "cultural freedom," as defined by its leading defenders, was—to put it bluntly—a hoax. Yet at precisely the moment when the dimensions of the hoax were fully revealed, Galbraith joined the Congress' board of directors; and "I intend," he says, "to put some extra effort into its activities. I think this is the right course and I would urge similar effort on behalf of other afflicted but reformed organizations."

What should a "free thinker" do, asks the *Sunday Times* of London, "when he finds out that his free thought has been subsidized by a ruthlessly aggressive intelligence agency as part of the international cold war?" According to the curious values that prevail in American society, he should make a redoubled effort to salvage the reputation of organizations that have been compromised, it would seem, beyond redemption. Far from "reforming" themselves—even assuming that this was possible—*Encounter* and the Congress for Cultural Freedom have vindicated the very men who led them into disaster. At their meeting in Paris last May, officials of the Congress voted to keep Josselson in his post. Lasky's resignation was likewise rejected by the management of *Encounter*.

Ever since *The New York Times* asserted that *Encounter* had been subsidized by the CIA, the Congress and its defenders have tried to brazen out the crisis by intimidating their critics—the same tactics that worked so well in the days of the cold war. Arthur Schlesinger leaped into the breach by attacking one of *Encounter*'s principal critics, Conor Cruise O'Brien. Following the *Times*'s initial disclosures, O'Brien delivered a lecture at New York University, subsequently published in *Book Week,* in which he referred to the *Times* story and went on to observe that "the beauty of the [CIA-*Encounter*] operation . . . was that writers of the first rank, who had no interest at all in serving the power structure, were induced to do so unwittingly," while "the writing specifically required by the power structure" could be done by writers of lesser ability, men skilled in public relations and "who were, as the Belgians used to say about Moise Tshombe, *comprehensifs,* that is, they could take a hint." In reply, Schlesinger at first dodged the question of *Encounter*'s relations with the CIA by attacking O'Brien's "apparent inability to conceive any reason for opposition to communism except bribery by the CIA." When pressed, he said that "so long as I have been a member of the *Encounter* Trust, *Encounter* has not been the beneficiary, direct or indirect, of CIA funds." (The subsidies to *Encounter,* it is now known, ran from 1953 to 1964, although the Congress' connection with the CIA, according to Galbraith, continued until 1966.) Moreover, Schlesinger said, Spender, Lasky and Kristol had revealed "the past sources of *Encounter*'s support" and documented "its editorial and political independence." They had, of course, done nothing of the kind. The magazine's editorial independence was not to be taken on the editors' word, and the question of its financing was an issue they had studiously avoided. Why did Schlesinger go out of his way to endorse their evasions? Presumably he knew as much about *Encounter*'s relations with the CIA as Galbraith—probably a good deal more. How was cultural freedom served by lending oneself to a deliberate deception?

In its issue of August, 1966, *Encounter* published a scurrilous attack on O'Brien by "R" (Goronwy Rees). Karl Miller of the *New Statesman* offered O'Brien space to reply, but when Frank Kermode of *Encounter* (who has since resigned as editor, saying that he knew nothing of the CIA connection) learned of this, he called Miller and threatened to sue the *New Statesman* for libel if O'Brien's piece contained any reference to *Encounter*'s relations with the CIA. O'Brien then sued *Encounter* for libel and won a judgment in Ireland. At this point, *Ramparts* broke the story of the CIA's infiltration of NSA, bringing a whole series of other disclosures in its wake, including the CIA's connection with the Congress for Cultural Freedom. The editors of *Encounter,* unable to deny those relations any longer, and threatened with heavy damages, apologized to O'Brien, retracted its aspersions on his integrity (which it now admitted were "without justification"), and agreed to pay his legal expenses.

Instruments of Policy

Throughout this controversy, the editors of *Encounter* have repeatedly pointed to their editorial independence, first in order to deny (by implication) any connection with the CIA, and then when it was impossible any longer to deny that, in order to prove that the CIA, although supporting the magazine, had not tried to dictate its editorial policy—or in Josselson's words, that the money had "never, never" been used "for propaganda and intelligence purposes." Spender, Kristol and Lasky, in their letter to the *Times,* claimed that "we are our own masters and are part of nobody's propaganda." The letter signed by Galbraith and Schlesinger declared that *Encounter* maintained "no loyalty except an unswerving commitment to cultural freedom" and that it had "freely criticized actions and policies of all nations, including the United States." These statements, however, need to be set against Thomas Braden's account of the rules that guided the International Organization of the CIA: "Use legitimate, existing organizations; disguise

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the extent of American interest; protect the integrity of the organization by not requiring it to support every aspect of official American policy."

These rules do more than shed light on the nature and extent of *Encounter*'s editorial freedom. By publishing them at a time when they must surely embarrass the writers concerned, Braden reveals the extent of his contempt for the CIA's kept intellectuals. Whatever the intellectuals may have thought of the relation, the CIA regarded them exactly as the Communist Party regarded its fronts in the thirties and forties—as instruments of its own purpose. Most of the beneficiaries of the CIA have been understandably slow to see this point; it is hard to admit that one has been used and that one's sense of freedom and power is an illusion. Norman Thomas, for instance, admits that he should have known where the money for his Institute of International Labor Relations was coming from, but (like Galbraith, like Thomas Braden himself) what he chiefly regrets is that a worth-while work has had to come prematurely to an end. The Kaplan Fund, Thomas insists, "never interfered in any way"—which merely means that he was never aware of its interference. He does not see that he was being used, as Stephen Spender puts it in his own case, "for quite different purposes" than the ones he thought he was advancing. *He* thought he was working for democratic reform in Latin America, whereas the CIA valued him as a showpiece, an anti-Communist who happened to be a Socialist.

Spender has had the wit to recognize the situation (retrospectively) for what it was. "In reality," he writes, the intellectuals employed by the CIA without their knowledge were "being used for concealed government propaganda." Spender admits that this arrangement made a "mockery" of intellectual freedom. Michael Wood, formerly of the National Students Association, has written even more poignantly of his relations with the world of power. "Those of us who worked for NSA during 1965-66, experienced an unusual sense of personal liberation. While actively involved in many of the insurgent campus and political movements of the day, we were also able to move freely through the highest echelons of established power." These experiences, Wood says, "gave us a heady feeling and a sense of power beyond our years." But "to learn that it had been bought with so terrible a compromise made me realize how impotent we really were."

Sham Pluralism

What conclusions can be drawn from the history of the cultural cold war? Some of them should be obvious. Thanks to the revelations of the CIA's secret subsidies, it is no longer very novel or startling to say that American officials have committed themselves to fighting fire with fire, and that this strategy is self-defeating because the means corrupt the end. "In our attempts to fight unscrupulous opponents," asks Arthur J. Moore in *Christianity and Crisis*, "have we ended up debauching ourselves?" The history of the cold war makes it clear that the question can only be answered with an emphatic affirmative.

These events, if people consider them seriously and try to confront their implications without flinching, will lead many Americans to question (perhaps for the first time) the cant about American "pluralism," the "open society," etc. Andrew Kopkind puts it very well: "The illusion of dissent was maintained: the CIA supported Socialist cold warriors, Fascist cold warriors, black and white cold warriors. . . . But it was a sham pluralism, and it was utterly corrupting." A society which tolerates an illusory dissent is in much greater danger, in some respects, than a society in which uniformity is ruthlessly imposed.

For twenty years Americans have been told that their country is an open society and that Communist peoples live in slavery. Now it appears that the very men who were most active in spreading this gospel were themselves the servants ("witty" in some cases, unsuspecting in others) of the secret police. The whole show—the youth congresses, the cultural congresses, the trips abroad, the great glamorous display of American freedom and American civilization and the American standard of living—was all arranged behind the scenes by men who believed, with Thomas Braden, that "the cold war was and is a war, fought with ideas instead of bombs." Men who have never been able to conceive of ideas as anything but instruments of national power were the sponsors of "cultural freedom."

The revelations about the intellectuals and the CIA should also make it easier to understand a point about the relation of intellectuals to power that has been widely misunderstood. In associating themselves with the war-making and propaganda machinery of the state in the hope of influencing it, intellectuals deprive themselves of the real influence they could have as men who refuse to judge the validity of ideas by the requirements of national power or any other entrenched interest. Time after time in this century it has been shown that the dream of influencing the war machine is a delusion. Instead the war machine corrupts the intellectuals. The war machine cannot be influenced by the advice of well-meaning intellectuals in the inner councils of government; it can only be resisted. The way to resist it is simply to refuse to put oneself at its service. That does not mean playing at revolution; it does not mean putting on blackface and adopting the speech of the ghetto; it does not mean turning on, tuning in and dropping out; it does not even mean engaging in desperate acts of conscience which show one's willingness to take risks and to undergo physical danger. Masked as a higher selflessness, these acts become self-serving, having as their object not truth or even social change but the promotion of the individual's self-esteem. Moreover they betray, at a deeper level, the same loss of faith which drives others into the service of the men in power—a haunting suspicion that history belongs to men of action and that men of ideas are powerless in a world that has no use for philosophy.

It is precisely this belief that has enabled the same men in one lifetime to serve both the Communist Party and the CIA in the delusion that they were helping to make history—only to find, in both cases, that all they had made was a lie. But these defeats—the revelation that the man of action, revolutionist or bureaucrat, scorns

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the philosopher whom he is able to use—have not led the philosopher to conclude that he should not allow himself to be used; they merely reinforce his self-contempt and make him the ready victim of a new political cause.

The despair of intellect is closely related to the despair of democracy. In our time intellectuals are fascinated by conspiracy and intrigue, even as they celebrate the "free market place of ideas" (itself an expression that already betrays a tendency to regard ideas as commodities). They long to be on the inside of things; they want to share the secrets ordinary people are not permitted to hear. The attractions of power and the satisfactions of inside-dopesterism are stronger, in our society, than the pull of any particular position.

In the last twenty years, the elitism of intellectuals has expressed itself as a celebration of American life, and this fact makes it hard to see the continuity between the thirties and forties, on the one hand, and the fifties and sixties on the other. The hyper-Americanism of the latter period seems to be a reaction against the anti-Americanism of the depression years. Both of these phenomena, however, spring from the same source, the intellectuals' disenchantment with democracy and their alienation from intellect itself. Intellectuals associate themselves with the American war machine not so much because it represents America as because it represents action, power and conspiracy; and the identification is even easier because the war machine is itself "alienated" from the people it claims to defend. The defense intellectuals, "cool" and "arrogant," pursue their obscure calculations in a little world bounded by the walls of the Pentagon, sealed off from the reality outside which does not always respond to their formulas and which therefore has to be ignored in arriving at correct solutions to the "problems" of government. At Langley, Va., the CIA turns its back on America and busies itself with its empire abroad; but this empire, which the CIA tries to police, has no relation to the real lives of the people of the world—it is a fantasy of the CIA, in which conspiracy and counter-conspiracy, freedom and Communist slavery, the forces of light and the forces of darkness, are locked in timeless combat. The concrete embodiments of these abstractions have long since ceased to matter. The processes of government have been intellectualized. Albert D. Biderman, the prophet of "social accounting," speaks for the dominant ethos: "With the growth of the complexity of society, immediate experience with its events plays an increasingly smaller role as a source of information and basis of judgment in contrast to symbolically mediated information about these events. . . . Numerical indexes of phenomena are peculiarly fitted to these needs."*

Washington belongs to the "future-planners," men who believe that "social accounting" will solve social "problems." Government is a "think tank," an ivory tower, a community of scholars. A member of the RAND Corporation speaks of its "academic freedom" which "allows you to think about what you want to." A civil servant praises the democratic tolerance, the respect for ideas, that prevails in the Defense Department. Herman Kahn, jolly and avuncular, encourages "intellectual diversity"; on his staff at Hudson Institute, a center of learning largely devoted to the science of systematic destruction, he retains a dedicated pacifist who doubtless thinks that he is slowly converting the Hudson Institute to universal brotherhood.

Never before have the ruling classes been so solicitous of cultural freedom; but since this freedom no longer has anything to do with "immediate experience and its events," it exists in a decontaminated, valueless void.

*See Sol Stern, "The Defense Intellectuals," *Ramparts*, February, 1967; Andrew Kopkind, "The Future Planners," *The New Republic*, February 25, 1967.

HUAC Under Siege *(Continued from page 197)*

that committees cannot conduct investigations unless they have a valid legislative purpose, HUAC has been desperately trying to find one. In the last Congress, it reported out three bills, none of which was adopted.

Now HUAC is making another try it hopes will be aided by the political fallout from the McHugh-SACB explosion. On May 25, the committee's chairman introduced H. R. 10390 which would restore the McCarran Act to life by providing that the Attorney General, not SACB, should register those persons found, by SACB, to belong to one or another of the various "Communist" groups. During the hearings (August 15-18), spokesmen for the committee frankly conceded that the purpose of the amendment was "to get around the Supreme Court rulings." The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has reported to the full Judiciary Committee a similar bill (S. 2171) which has now been reported out to the Senate.

What are the chances of one of these bills passing? The silence from the Justice Department has been deafening. It is worth noting that the Judiciary Committee did not ask the Justice Department for its opinion. The HUAC measure received favorable testimony from a former FBI assistant director (but not from the FBI itself), a former president of the American Bar Association (but not from the ABA itself), and from Judge Michael Musmanno of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, among others, in a transparent effort to create the impression that bar, bench and bureau were behind it. The HUAC measure contains a provision (not found in the Senate bill)) which would forbid the courts from interfering by injunction, declaratory judgment or otherwise while proceedings were pending before SACB. At the present time, SACB cannot proceed with the only case now pending before it—involving the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs—until a three-judge court has disposed of a constitutional challenge to the proceedings.

If H.R. 10390 fails, what other mischief can HUAC engage in by way of justifying the $350,000 appropriation it received for 1967? It has promised public hearings on the recent ghetto riots. But in which of the riot-torn cities could HUAC hold hearings that would not be a provocation to further rioting? What Congress should do, of course, is to enact Senator Proxmire's bill (S. 2146) which would abolish SACB, and then it should abolish HUAC.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Anti-Communist Empire

ABUSE OF POWER. *By Theodore Draper. The Viking Press. 244 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.25.*

PAX AMERICANA. *By Ronald Steel. The Viking Press. 371 pp. $6.95.*

TOM J. FARER

Mr. Farer is an assistant professor of law at Columbia University and was formerly special assistant to the general counsel, United States Department of Defense.

For the past several years, Theodore Draper and Ronald Steel have been two of the most trenchant critics of American foreign policy. Now each has stitched together his shorter pieces and placed them, with some elaboration, between hard covers. For regular readers of liberal periodicals there is, then, nothing very new here except the package. That package, however, will apparently succeed in carrying the "message" beyond the cloistered confines of Greenwich Village and Central Park West to the solid burghers of Greenwich. (*Pax Americana* has already received a favorable reference in the editorial columns of *The Wall Street Journal.*) But the most interesting feature of these two books is the actual difference in their messages, a difference which, I fear, will be overlooked in the drum roll of acclaim that any reasonably thoughtful attack on American policy currently evokes.

Draper and Steel do agree that Vietnam is a part of the pattern of American policy. To Draper it is one of increasing reliance on economic and especially military, as opposed to political, "methods of persuasion."

> This pattern of American policy has come about as a result of one political failure and frustration after another. A weaker power might have suffered them in silence or in angry self-recrimination. But the United States is too rich and powerful to take a political setback without seeking some other way to impose its will.

At best, Draper's diagnosis constitutes a highly restricted, purely tactical indictment of American foreign policy and contrasts sharply with Mr. Steel whose thesis is that the United States has become an imperialistic power, that we have—in President de Gaulle's words—"yielded . . . to that taste for intervention in which the instinct for domination (cloaks) itself."

The difference can be stated more precisely. Draper is an obsessive anti-Communist. Like many of his generation's emotional refugees, he still seems a little shellshocked from the fratricidal struggle with that segment of the Left which three decades ago served as a deluded fifth column for Russian power. For him labels are still meaningful, I suppose, and the label "Communist" apparently makes him twitch with hostility. Since the proclaimed objective of the United States is to suppress the Communists in every corner of the globe except Europe, Draper is hardly the man to challenge the relevance of that overriding objective to our real national interests. He does not appear to pass the first test: he does not flatly oppose the objective.

While meticulously avoiding any general statement of American national interest, Draper drops some suggestive hints. For instance, he asserts that the partition of Vietnam under the Geneva Agreements was an "undeniable reverse to the Western powers." As a practical matter, this assumes that the interests of the West would have been better served if France or some other Western state had continued to exercise hegemony over Indo-China. But why? In order to have a base on the Chinese borders? Or because we are in some mystical sense diminished by the fact that the rulers of a scrap of land label themselves Communists? Or for some more esoteric reason known only to Draper? (It must be fairly esoteric, since Draper ridicules every one of the myriad reasons cited at one time or another by successive administrations.) If, as many believe, China is the real problem in Asia, a fair case can surely be made for the proposition that a strong buffer against Chinese expansion in Southeast Asia would be a unified, independent Vietnam, and even that gentleman-troglodyte who managed Far Eastern policy for President Eisenhower, Walter Robertson, was prepared to concede that Ho Chi Minh and his associates were the only people capable of carving such a state out of the rotting hulk of the French empire.

Apparently, this pragmatic approach to national interest doesn't wholly appeal to Draper. "I, for one," he says, "would far prefer to see an Asian democratic reformer or even an honest civilian, rather than the most 'independent' Communist, in power in South and North Vietnam." His use of the conjunctive is significant, since all of us would prefer to see "democratic" reformers not merely in Vietnam but everywhere else in the world, just as we would prefer to witness universal peace, affluence and respect for motherhood. But just what type of fellow is this "honest" civilian character who is *not* a democratic reformer? Is he democratic but not a reformer? If so, he is unlikely to institute those reforms which Draper believes have always been prerequisite to "victory" in South Vietnam. Or is he a reformer who is not a democrat and doesn't steal? If so, he sounds like Ho without the Communist label. Since Draper puts a few nails of his own into the coffin of the monolithic-Red-threat theory, why then should he care whether the authoritarian reformer calls himself a Communist? A skunk by any other name should still stink.

It is difficult not to feel compassion for Draper. As an American, his conscience is in shreds over what we are doing to the people and the country of Vietnam. As a man with intellectual integrity, he is revolted by the mocking duplicity of our government. Spurred by these emotions he has written a devastating brief on American policy in Vietnam. The tortuous thread of official explanation is diligently pursued from mouth to mouth, from year to year. Each knot of inconsistency is carefully unraveled before our eyes. A man from another planet reading the painstakingly assembled evidence might conceivably conclude from this book that the managers of American foreign policy were either cretins or liars.

But after all this preliminary effort, what has been accomplished other than autotherapy? I assume that the author's interest was not to contribute a formula for extrication, since none is offered, though there are mini-hints that we should arrange the formation of a neutralist, civilian government prepared to negotiate peace with the NLF. The real intent of *Abuse of Power* is to treat Vietnam as a case study, a political parable, that will serve to inform future policy. "Whatever one may think about getting out," Draper writes, "there is still the larger and deeper crisis of how we got into it and how

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we got into the Cuban and Dominican military interventions" (to which he adverts in his opening chapter). Well, then, how did we?

It is a little strange that this master's eloquent prose should turn suddenly turbid when applied to the critical question. Yet there is no denying the frustrating opacity of Draper's answer. It is either uselessly abstract—reliance on military power — or disconcertingly superficial: the consistent error is political ineptitude manifested by our identification with men who lack popular support (Batista in Cuba, Cabral in the Dominican Republic and Diem in Vietnam). Instead, one is compelled to deduce, we should have backed "democratic reformers." Who and where were they? We are never told. As a historian who claims to be concerned with the underlying causes of traumatic events Draper displays a strongly limited curiosity. He never asks *why* we end up bound to men of the Batista ilk.

For an answer to that more profound question, we must turn to Steel who states almost bluntly that America has become an anti-revolutionary power supporting the *status quo* everywhere because of an "obsessive fear of Communism." At least that is what he says half of the time. Draper's description of Dean Rusk—consistency is not his hobgoblin—might, perhaps a little uncharitably, also be applied to Steel, since in one breath he claims that "what American postwar intervention boils down to in practice is not intervention against injustice or poverty for its own sake, but intervention against Communism," while in the next he claims that our real problem is not morbid fear but excessive idealism: "(The) desire to translate American ideals into a universal political system lies at the core of the current crisis in American diplomacy."

One suspects that whereas Draper's obsession is communism, Steel's is credibility. He wants to be loved in Darien, and he is an alert enough fellow to know that the ordained cachet of "responsible criticism" is the attribution of noble motives to American policy. At least this is a not implausible explantation for Steel's sporadic, slightly plaintive remonstratives among which the following is not uncharacteristic:

> If America, like Metternich's Austro-Hungarian empire, has become an anti-revolutionary power, it is not from a desire to enforce her will upon other nations, but from an obsessive fear of Communism, a fear which induces the belief that all revolutions are Communist-inspired and directed against the United States.

I doubt that any nation has ever sought to impose its will for no reason at all. Is fear of other states a morally superior motive to greed or prestige? The answer, I suppose, is that while the moral significance of fear may be debatable, its practical significance is evident: if the neurotic aspects of that motive are undraped, America, to paraphrase Foggy Bottom's favorite rhetorician, may stop doing what its leaders know it is doing.

The principal source of America's counterrevolutionary reflex is five decades of alarm over the Communist menace. Men of many political persuasions have rung the tocsin, not least among them a body of now slightly aging figures long identified with liberal causes. With a variety of motives, one supposes, these men have engaged in Philippics against communism—not merely Russian or Chinese tyranny—which have rivaled the effusions of the late Senator from Wisconsin. Through their identification with American liberalism they have lent an aura of humanity and intellectual respectability to ideological passions which have a more natural base in the barbarous Right.

By seeming to believe that communism defines a single, definite and universally evil program for the conduct of human affairs, Draper reveals some emotional link with (in Jason Epstein's slashing phrase) that superration on the Right of New York's intellectual community which today provides the most sophisticated rationalizations for the

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The agitations of April in the sky
call down to you, while earth quivers
underfoot as if the Eighth Avenue express
burrowed all the way to Vermont; and the rain
soaking the fish-scale snow, the bloom
of emerging beer cans down the road
lead you toward and into spring,
another spring. You can think of nothing
that is not rotten, nor see anything
not hideous, as the sprung wicker chair
scarred with ice and lichen wrenches its way
in hysterical inaction across the yard.
You laugh, calculating the nostalgia
of people fifty years from now. Your mind
wrenches across the world, in the slush and mud
of your gross citizenship, tearing the dirty shimmer
of blossom from every bough in your shame
for fake. Leaking shreds of protoplasm,
down on one leg, you strain in the mire of blood,
the hysteria of inaction, you drag yourself
like a tugged water-weed, slimy and cold . . .

Everything you make is taken from you,
is repainted and displayed in the national exposition,
every word is stripped from you in the national tirade,
every gesture is absorbed in the national arm,
whatever you are disposed to think is already explained
in the national advertisement, and your being,
if you let yourself be,
is rung up, ping-ping, *on the national cash register.*
Your innocence is like cold spit in your mouth,
eject it or swallow it—you cannot
use it. The water
which you have not polluted squeals
in your belly. Your insane feet are marching,
numbers crawl on your skin like lice. Everywhere
the spring lies darkening, a choked baby
whose besotted mother will stuff it wailing into the hole
of your own despair. April, May—you vomit,
and your green sex shrivels like a napalm scab.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

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American Empire. There is no doubt that Theodore Draper stands a moral light-year away from men like Irving Kristol, and his massively documented denunciations of the ineffable hypocrisy which has characterized our government's defense of American intervention are hardly calculated to generate an invitation to tea at the White House. Nevertheless, one fears the presence of the debilitating reflex, a Pavlovian fleck of foam on the lips when someone dances by wrapped in a vast, shapeless blanket embroidered with the word "Communist." Those who may think this characterization unfair should take another look at the last paragraph of Draper's acclaimed essay in *Commentary* on the Dominican invasion:

> A great deal would be gained if the problem were attacked in different terms. Conservatives and liberals might well ponder the words of Professor Russell Kirk in a letter to Robert Welch the founder and master of the John Birch Society:
>
> "Cry wolf often enough and everyone takes you for an imbecile or a knave, when after all there *are* wolves in this world."

Did he mean anything other than the proposition that the American invasion was unjustified for the sole reason that the Dominican Communists did *not* dominate the insurgents? I admire Theodore Draper not only because he has such a passionate regard for the truth but also because his sense of humanity, as well as proportion, overwhelms his ideological repugnance. But that rooted hostility toward an abstraction (which has flesh enough, I am sure, in his own mind) weakens his attack and strengthens the defenses of the apostles of empire. The road to the Vietnamese *abattoir* is paved by decisions which were largely the product of the society's reflexive antagonism to the incubus of communism.

"We cannot," Draper writes "continue to live wholly in the moment, holding onto every *status quo,* however rotten and unstable, to maintain the line against Communism at whatever cost." Then what should we do? Find ourselves a democratic reformer? The trouble is that they seem to be rather rare birds or, at least in many countries, keep themselves extraordinarily well hidden. Furthermore, what is to be done while we are trying to find them? Draper obviously believes that the Communist alternative must be accepted at least when the cost both to us and the people we are saving is as great as it is now in Vietnam. Unfortunately, questions of prestige may have become unanswerable by the time our viceroys discover either that there never was a democratic reformer or that the one who had been in the wings was liquidated by our friend, the general, who had been looking after the shop while we were searching for a more appropriate manager.

Arthur Schlesinger has told us of Kennedy's warning to Khrushchev at Vienna that "social changes must take place peacefully and must not involve the prestige or commitments of America." Today we seem to have no more earnest commitment than unremitting opposition to leaders and nations in Asia and Latin America that call themselves Communist. It was consistent with this attitude for President Kennedy to announce after the assassination of Trujillo:

> There are three possibilities in descending order of preference: a decent democratic regime, a continuation of the Trujillo regime or a Castro regime. We ought to aim at the first, but we really can't renounce the second until we are sure that we can avoid the third. [*A Thousand Days.*]

Can we have much success in obtaining the first if we can never bring ourselves to renounce the second?

Ronald Steel has neither the undeniable elegance nor quite the ironic wit nor the superior command of facts which are Draper's hallmarks. Yet, as an effort to explain why we are in Vietnam today, why we are—in Draper's obfuscating phrase—"politically inept," his book is a superior work. Steel realizes that our ineptitude is not the result of a few boobs in the State Department or some Neanderthal military attaché. The problem is strategic, a profound misapprehension of real national interest. That interest, Steel argues compellingly, is dangerously inconsistent with a campaign to suppress communism as an ideology.

By letting the fresh air of pragmatism into the ideological zoo, Steel has performed a significant service. If only Draper had limited himself to our sins in Vietnam these two books would seem peculiarly complementary: Draper's acute analysis of a single case would lend credibility to Steel's evaluation of the general pattern of American policy, while Steel's conceptual backdrop would heighten Draper's depiction of the madness in Vietnam. As it is, however, this complementarity is only partially achieved. Indeed, after reading both books, one is apt to feel that aspects of the "Abuse of Power" are symptomatic of the national malaise which has led to the "Pax Americana."

Bookmarks: Vietnam Guide

The following list is offered as a guide to the reader through the many works on Vietnam which have been published since 1965 to the present. For some of the items below we are indebted to the excellent bibliography compiled and annotated by Marvin E. Gettleman and Sanford L. Silverman for the Libraries of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, copies of which are available.

PEACE IN VIETNAM: A New Approach in Southeast Asia. *By Members of the Vietnam Working Party of the American Friends Service Committee. Hill & Wang. 112 pp. $3. Paper 95c.*

A Quaker-sponsored inquiry, prepared by a group that included several Asia specialists. It calls for a turn in American policy toward constructive approaches and a new understanding of the social forces compelling change in Southeast Asia.

MISSION TO HANOI. *By Herbert Aptheker. International Publishers. 128 pp. $3.50. Paper $1.25.*

Record of a trip taken to Vietnam with Thomas Hayden and Staughton Lynd by a leading American Communist Party theoretician. Hayden and Lynd published a separate account, listed below. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Bernard B. Fall, September 5, 1966.)

WASHINGTON AND VIETNAM: An Examination of the Moral and Political Issues. *By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Oceana Publications. 120 pp. $3.50.*

A study, written primarily for clergymen, stressing ethical considerations in government policy.

VIETNAM NORTH. *By Wilfred Burchett. International Publishers. 191 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.85.*

The latest observations in book form of the able Australian journalist whose sympathies are clearly with the North Vietnamese and Vietcong.

VIETNAM: A DRAGON EMBATTLED. *By Joseph Buttinger. 2 Vols. Frederick A. Praeger. 1346 pp. $18.50 set.*

Buttinger revises some of his views as they were expressed in his earlier po-

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litical history of Vietnam, taking the account through 1963.

HERE IS YOUR ENEMY. *By James Cameron. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 144 pp. $3.95.*

A vivid eyewitness report of the North Vietnamese response to U.S. escalations in 1965 by an English newspaper man. (Reviewed by Bernard B. Fall, *The Nation,* September 5, 1966.)

THE TWO VIET-NAMS: A Political and Military Analysis. *Second revised edition. By Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 493 pp. $7.95.*

Mr. Fall is the late author of a huge corpus of uneven writings on Vietnam and Indo-China. Of these, *The Two Viet-Nams* is of especial value. The 1967 second revised edition contains much new material. (Original edition reviewed in *The Nation* by Francois Sully, December 14, 1963.)

VIET-NAM WITNESS: 1953-1966. *By Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 363 pp. $6.95.*

A collection of Fall's essays and articles. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Jonathan Mirsky, June 27, 1966.)

HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE: The Siege of Dien Bien Phu. *By Bernard B. Fall. J. B. Lippincott. 515 pp. $8.95.*

A detailed account of the events of the spring of 1954, not as readable as Jules Roy's account (listed below).

THE VIETNAM HEARINGS. *Edited by Sen. J. W. Fulbright. Vintage Books. 294 pp. Paper $1.95.*

A condensation of *Supplemental Foreign Assistance/Fiscal Year, 1966—Vietnam.* Hearings before the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, January-February, 1966.

ARROGANCE OF POWER. *By Sen. J. W. Fulbright. Random House. 264 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.95.*

An eloquent critique of U.S. foreign policy.

VIETNAM: History, Documents and Opinions. *By Marvin E. Gettleman. Fawcett World Library. 448 pp. Paper 95c.*

A basic selection of readings drawn from many of the books and articles listed in this bibliography, as well as such key documents as the Geneva Agreements of 1954, The Reports of the International Control Commission, official government statements, NLF statements, teach-in texts, etc.

VIETNAM! VIETNAM! *By Felix Greene. Fulton Publishing Co. 175 pp. $5.50. Paper $2.95.*

A brief, accurate text, with extensive quotations; its strongest point is its powerful and moving photographs.

VIETNAM: LOTUS IN A SEA OF FIRE. *By Thich Nhat Hanh. Hill & Wang. 115 pp. $3.50. Paper $1.25.*

Eloquent statement of a Buddhist position of neutralism in the Vietnamese conflict. (Reviewed by Jonathan Mirsky, *The Nation,* July 31.)

AMERICA'S VIETNAM POLICY: The Strategy of Deception. *By Edward S. Herman and Richard B. DuBoff. Public Affairs Press. 123 pp. Paper $2.*

A powerful indictment. An early, abbreviated version of this study was entitled "How to Coo Like a Dove While Fighting to Win."

ON REVOLUTION: SELECTED WRITINGS OF HO CHI MINH 1920-1966. *Edited by Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 389 pp. $6.95.*

Although this book contains more recent material, the four-volume *Selected Works of Ho Chi Minh,* published in Hanoi by the Foreign Languages Publishing House, is a superior collection.

THE UNITED STATES IN VIETNAM. *By George McTurnan Kahin and John W. Lewis. The Dial Press. 465 pp. $5.95.*

The fullest and best-informed liberal critique of the U.S. position. Good maps, useful documentary appendices and bibliographies. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Jonathan Mirsky, July 31.)

VIETNAM BETWEEN TWO TRUCES. *By Jean Lacouture. Random House. 295 pp. $5.95.*

Well-informed, historically grounded analysis by an experienced French journalist. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Jonathan Mirsky, May 2, 1966.)

VIETNAM AND INTERNATIONAL LAW: An Analysis of the Legality of the U.S. Military Involvement. *By the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Towards Vietnam. O'Hare Books. 162 pp. $3.75. Paper $2.*

A comprehensive examination by a distinguished group of international lawyers. Also an "answer" to the official U.S. position, as expressed in Leonard C. Meeker's "The Legality of United States Participation in the Defense of Vietnam." *U.S. Department of State Bulletin.* (March 28, 1966).

THE OTHER SIDE. *By Staughton Lynd and Thomas Hayden. The New American Library. 238 pp. $5.*

An insight into the position of the "New Left" on international affairs as exemplified by the views of the two men who traveled with Aptheker to Hanoi.

REPORTS FROM VIETNAM. *By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace & World. 106 pp. Paper $1.95.*

Perceptive on-the-spot observations of an American novelist. Most of the material appeared originally in the *New York Review of Books.* New material addresses itself to the question of tactics for those opposed to the war.

TEACH-INS U.S.A.: Report, Opinions, Documents. *Edited by Louis Menashe and Ronald Radosh. Frederick A. Praeger. 349 pp. $6.95.*

A many-sided examination of the political, academic and social phenomenon of the teach-ins.

THE PROFESSORS, THE POLICEMEN AND THE PEASANTS: The Sociology of the Michigan State University Group Vietnam Project, 1955-1962. *By Martin Nicolaus. (Graduate Seminar Paper, Brandeis University, 1966.)*

A detailed study of the MSU project.

VIET CONG: The Organization and Technique of the National Liberation Front. *By Douglas Pike. The M.I.T. Press. 490 pp. $8.95.*

Rich with the use of masses of captured National Liberation Front material, this book is a unique work of scholarship. Though Pike concludes that the NLF is controlled from Hanoi, much of his data suggests local independence.

THE VIETNAM READER. *Edited by Marcus G. Raskin and Bernard B. Fall. Random House. 415 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.45.*

A comprehensive collection of articles and papers documenting the background and development of American involvement in Vietnam.

THE BATTLE OF DIENBIENPHU. *By Jules Roy. Harper & Row. 344 pp. $6.95.*

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A chronicle based on Roy's interviews with participants in the battle of Dienbienphu. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Daniel Ford, May 17, 1965.)

WAR CRIMES IN VIETNAM. *By Bertrand Russell. Monthly Review Press. 178 pp. Paper 95c.*

A powerful and angry statement by one of the most eminent men of our century.

BEHIND THE LINES—HANOI: December 23, 1966-January 7, 1967. *By Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row. 243 pp. $4.95.*

A report on civilian target bombings by U.S. planes in North Vietnam written by the distinguished *New York Times* journalist.

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The Guru and the Coup

THE FALL OF SUKARNO. *By Tarzie Vittachi. Frederick A. Praeger. 191 pp. $4.95.*

ALEX JOSEY

Mr. Josey has been a free-lance correspondent in the Far East for the past nineteen years. He is the author of Socialism in Asia *and* Trade Unions in Malaya.

Shall we ever know the truth? Was the September 30, 1965 affair an Indonesian Communist plot to seize power on the reported death of Sukarno? Or was it a counter-coup, an attempt to prevent the alleged Council of Generals from capturing power from Sukarno, and to replace the NASAKOM government with a right-wing military dictatorship? Mr. Vittachi examines all possibilities with thoroughness, though I soon formed the impression that his own inclination is to fix responsibility for starting the train of events which ultimately led to Sukarno's fall upon the Partai Kommunist Indonesia. On the first page he writes of the "communist-backed coup." Elsewhere he states categorically that D. N. Aidit, leader of the PKI, was planning to make a bid for power in 1965. I knew Aidit for some years, and I find this difficult to believe.

In my many talks in his office, the bust of Stalin crowding the small room, I gathered the impression that Aidit was convinced that time was on the side of the PKI. He would, he said repeatedly, give the army no cause to attack the PKI separately from Sukarno. "The PKI will suffer all insults. They can spit in our faces. We shall not retaliate. We will keep close to Sukarno. He is our best friend." As for Subandrio, Aidit told me in 1964, "he thinks he is using us whereas we are using him. We will wait for the elections and win a third of the seats and, in a NASAKOM government, we will be the most powerful influence."

Aidit's belief, upon which the PKI's policy was based, was that the PKI would eventually assume power, peacefully, by supporting Sukarno's concept of a "truly representative government."

The two dominant forces in Indonesia were the army (the second largest military establishment in Asia), and the Communist Party (also the second largest in Asia). Sukarno thought that he could contain the Communists and control the generals. Aidit also thought he could manipulate the political situation. He had nothing but contempt for the other politicians, and in a partnership with them after the promised elections, with a third of the ministers members of the PKI, Aidit was sure that Indonesia would soon find that it was heading for a Communist regime. (For this line of thought the PKI leadership under Aidit was severely criticized by the new Central Committee, meeting in secret in Central Java on August 17, 1966. In a Politburo statement, "Lessons of Indonesian Events," the PKI said in effect that an armed struggle for power was, and still is, unavoidable.)

Most of the non-Communist generals realized what game Aidit was playing, but the army leadership lacked solidarity, and some Dutch writers still insist that it is highly probable that the coup was in fact an internal army affair, a conflict in which the Air Force sided with the Central Java officers and the PKI leadership took an opportunistic role.

What is certain is that the PKI had decided to put their money on peaceful penetration of state power under the protection of Sukarno, rather than scheme to seize power through force. The PKI never possessed a large supply of weapons. Aidit knew that the army leadership, disunited though it might have been, in the main opposed him, and although he tried to subvert the army, he admitted to me on one occasion that much less than one-third of the soldiers and junior officers were in any way friendly to the PKI. How then can Vittachi say that Aidit was planning to make a bid for power in 1965?

Without comment the author quotes from the 50-page confession which Aidit is supposed to have made to the army before he was shot, and which *Asahi Evening News* secured from the army as a world scoop. In this document Aidit admits he was the one with the

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highest responsibility for the coup. "Had it succeeded," he said, "my policy was to establish closer economic relations with Communist China." He said that the coup failed because it was premature, and also because some of the top PKI leaders opposed it. Another reason was the lack of support of "Communist China and international communism on which we had placed hopes."

I have read the confession. It does not read like the Aidit I knew. This may be because of faulty translation: I don't suppose he wrote the original in English. But this document makes him say things I do not believe he could say, except perhaps at the point of a gun. The photographs which illustrated this article in the Japanese newspaper, said to have been taken shortly before Aidit was shot, confirmed my feelings of suspicion. What is also significant is that the army has never put out a statement about Aidit's death, although I could find no one in Jakarta prepared to believe that Aidit still lives.

Tarzie Vittachi deals with the events which led up to the September 30 affair, then goes on to discuss the massacre of half a million Indonesians which followed, and seeks an explanation for this astonishing blood bath. Some Indonesians might have believed they were helping to wipe out an anti-Sukarno PKI, but another contributing factor, a most important one, was that the army had always supported the richer peasants against the PKI's "seven devils of the rural areas" campaign, and the PKI's efforts to enforce land reform. A lot of poor peasants died and a great deal of land was handed back after the abortive coup.

It was President Sukarno's sudden illness during the evening of September 30 that triggered the whole affair. For an hour Sukarno spoke to a large audience in the Jakarta Stadium. Making full use of his celebrated powers of imagination, Sukarno told them that Indonesia was now able to produce its own atomic bomb through the efforts of one of Indonesia's own physicists working entirely on his own. . . . Suddenly his voice faltered. He stopped and left the rostrum, seeming to limp. His aides were heard calling, apparently for the attendant doctors. Dr. Wu, chief of the medical team from Peking hurried to his side. Apparently in a state of collapse, Sukarno was taken to a small room. Within minutes the rumor swept the city that Sukarno was dead. According to Vittachi, Aidit was on the platform. He did not go backstage to see what was happening. He made for the exit and was never seen in public again.

Lieutenant Colonel Untung, commander of Sukarno's bodyguard, Vittachi says, was not on the platform when Sukarno collapsed, but when news reached him that the President was either dead or dying, "he pressed the button," and the September 30 affair got under way. Eight generals were to be kidnapped: six were murdered, two escaped: General Nasution and General Suharto. Vittachi tells in full the story of General Suharto's escape. He was not home when the assassins called. Like most Indonesians, General Suharto, now the Acting President of Indonesia, believes that his *dukun*, or *guru*, has prophetic powers. Suharto follows this man's guidance because, says Vittachi, Suharto's *dukun* says this guidance is given to him by Suharto's guardian angels.

On the day of September 25, Suharto's *dukun* told General Suharto he should not return to his home before 2 in the morning of October 1. This, as it turned out, was the time the plotters planned to murder Suharto. Suharto's *dukun* advised him to spend the night hours worshipping God at a place where the sea and the river waters meet. It was long after 2 A.M. when Suharto returned home. He saw jeeps and lorries outside his home and a great deal of unusual activity. So he turned his car around and went to army headquarters. Suharto was, as he said later, very calm, knowing that his spiritual guardians who had saved him from capture and possible murder would send him guidance. He soon made contact with General Nasution, and counteraction against the *coup d'état* was swiftly taken. The radio station was captured, and the news came through that President Sukarno was at Halim Air Base. What was he doing there?

Vittachi spent nearly a year examining reports and rumors but his book adds little to what has already appeared in print about Sukarno's involvement, or indeed about anything else connected with the plot. We shall probably never know the truth, for it could lie buried beneath contradictions

BLUES TO BE SUNG IN A DARK VOICE

It's time to shine the bottom of my shoes.
Move over, cousin. Here comes my bad news.
Goodbye, good boy. Hello, hello, blues.
(spoken) *Milkman won't milk me, tailor won't suit me now.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Florist won't let me smell his kind of bunch.
Grocer won't deliver me, that's a cinch.
Banker won't check me out to drink some lunch.
(spoken) *Jeweler just watches, he don't ring me up.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Dealer won't cut me in on his old game.
Sheriff don't teach me how to spell my name.
Driver won't bus me, I'll get there just the same.
(spoken) *Garbageman don't give me no pick-me-ups.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Shoe-man won't put bottoms on my tops.
Druggist drug me down to see the cops.
Plumber won't bail me out, I'm here for keeps.
(spoken) *Railroads won't forgive my trespasses.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Baker ain't going to roll me any more.
Barber ain't going to clip me like before.
Mama can't get my knees down on the floor.
(spoken) *Doctor won't take my pulse 'cause he can't keep it.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Loan-man likes that X on the dotted line.
Preacher, he keeps crossing me all the time:
Someone sets fire to it, it burns just fine.
(spoken) *Landlord ain't going to land on me again, Lord.*
So goodbye, good boy.

DAVID WAGONER

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and intrigues. Vittachi comes to the conclusion that there were probably three different plans, or actions, ready and set to go at about the same time: (*1*) The preparations of the army to counter any attempt by Subandrio and the PKI to make a take-over bid with the military backing of the Air Force in case the President died. This was what Sukarno, Untung and the PKI referred to as the Council of Generals. (*2*) Colonel Untung's preparations against a possible Army plan to bring down the NASAKOM government during or after Sukarno's lifetime. (*3*) The plans of the PKI to take power if the President died, with military assistance from the Air Force, and to establish a government probably with Dr. Subandrio as the nominal civilian head.

Whatever action, or combination of actions, brought about the fall of Sukarno and the eclipse of the PKI, Sukarno must still be considered a potential political factor, and the PKI a serious threat. And, as Vittachi reminds us, "in fifteen years time someone will have to reckon with the possibly unavoidable desire for revenge among the two million children" orphaned by the murders which followed the September 30 affair.

Certain Aspects of Death

THE GODMOTHER. *By Janice Elliott. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 223 pp. $4.95.*

DIGGING OUT. *By Anne Richardson. McGraw Hill Book Co. 181 pp. $4.50.*

NORA SAYRE

Miss Sayre is the New York correspondent for the New Statesman.

A Boston atheist of 87 recently remarked with some amusement that dying resembles molting—that she feels like a snake that wants to shed its skin. Having always believed that "God is only the word after gocart in the dictionary," she's startled to find that the self is so eager to be rid of the body, "to be divorced from the organs," and that she does experience a tugging independence of the soul. (She adds: "If someone doesn't believe that the soul and body are connected, just let him be constipated for a day or two.") At any rate, she stresses that approaching death is a fascinating process. And why should it not be, if there is adequate health and an exuberant mind? However, as the anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer has explained, most modern Anglo-Saxons treat death with the prudery which the Victorians reserved for sex—an embarrassing and disgusting phenomenon that few want to acknowledge. But Janice Elliott's *The Godmother* is a magnificent acknowledgment: here, an old woman's gradual dying appears almost as an achievement. True, her eccentric detachment from the present vexes her relatives and friends; with alternating admiration and resentment, they recall all of the roles which she has played: godmother, aunt, sister, daughter, "virgin spinster," never (but nearly) a wife or mother.

As the emotional scenery shifts, she appears as a comforter, a destroyer, a "love goddess," an invalid, a clairvoyant, a potential murderee, a benign magician, a malignant witch, and finally—in senility—as a child to be protected. Miss Elliott's characters are muted, respectable people who long for violence. They want to shout at and strike one another; for them, the old woman is "an island on whose shores they might be wrecked or saved." Ignoring their furious expectations that she will "bring out the best or the worst" in them, endanger or enlighten them, she relives a visit to Delphi, where the oracle's cave returned only her own voice. Once dead, others realize that she "delivered no message; question the oracle and the dry stone gives back not an explanation but an echo. In the distortion lies the illusion of prophecy." In short, her service was to reveal people to themselves—and often, the acquaintance was repellent.

Miss Elliott's primary concern is the passive and almost arbitrary interaction of people who are far from fond of one another. They're seduced by the belief that others are responsible for their horrors or delights, or that "things just happen," or even that an absent-minded old woman can predestine and guide their experiences. None of them wants to be an engine of control; hence their irritable insistence on making "the godmother" a mythic figure from whom miracles are expected. Thus, she lives and dies personifying other characters' imaginations—as, indeed, some solitaries do. Since she once seemed "immemorial," she is not forgiven for being mortal.

There are several plots sufficient for separate novels here: a drifter murders one old woman because another took too long to die; a chill but resilient divorcée experiments with nonlove; a woman, crimped with jealousy of her sister's lover, tells his wife that she's a cuckold—the wife promptly kills herself, and the complacent informer inherits the suicide's husband and child. But none of these quietly savage themes is really developed. Miss Elliott concentrates on reverberations rather than events, self-deceptions instead of confrontations. All of her characters wear the stripe of madness: the kinds of psychosis that need not prevent prosaic functioning, or even an orderly life. (For these, violence is tempting because it suggests the virtue of self-assertion, of which they're usually incapable.) The novel gives meticulous testimony that almost everyone feels—or is—insane at certain moments. The book's only flaw is an overdependence on E.M. Forster's Marabar caves: although the spelling has been altered from "boum" to "Boom," those infinity-echoes really do belong to him, and are disturbing in a novel that's otherwise unique. Washed throughout by recurring undersea imagery, Miss Elliott's prose also distills a series of frighteningly lucid observations: "there was something almost mad about their

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dedicated sanity as if balance taken too far breeds its own imbalance." As a study in delusions, *The Godmother* makes the word "sensitive" a compliment—which it hasn't been for decades.

Perhaps the inhibitions about death and the denial of grief analyzed by Mr. Gorer will be flushed by the newest novelists. In *Digging Out,* Anne Richardson's admirable first novel, the anguish of the living is detailed, as it wasn't in *The Godmother.* There is also the honest repulsion instilled by a body jammed with tubes and wires and needles, injected or emptied of liquids, dominated by tainted tissues, retchings and slime. (The decomposition is emphasized by recalling all of the massages, hair treatments, and manicures that failed to embellish the same flesh.)

At Christmas, a girl attends her mother's tardy death; the daughter's identification with her mother is so acute that cancer seems contagious. At moments, she seems to be dying along with the thumb-sucking, drooling invalid, who has been reduced to babbling remarks such as "The grocery-store has a new hat, a new hat!" Here are all of the aspects of death that most families hate to recognize: the irrational guilt that is inevitable when a blood relation dies, the invalid's struggle to live while others hope that she will not, the calm, brisk brutality of doctors ("there will be some vomiting from the gas, and a temporary blindness"), and the fact that all of the dying person's lifelong fears are finally justified—that it's reasonable to be terrified of suffering. There is also the lavish relief when the death is completed. In this novel, none of these feelings is pummeled into the shape of secrecy—as most relatives, hospitals and funeral directors encourage them to be.

The physical agonies of death are magnified because they unfold in an opulent apartment, in a family sustained by a world of doormen, Chinese lacquer and gold leaf, Venetian marble floors, infinite pastries, clocks that play Brahms and heated pools. But this wealth is no more romantic than the chocolate crumbs which one character leaves on the fur rug in her Rolls-Royce. Mrs. Richardson is especially skilled at depicting the paralysis of luxury. The older people fear that someone will snatch their money away, while the younger ones torpidly take plenitude for granted. While it is usually impossible to repine over the problems of the rich, this particular joylessness is devastating: possession rather than pleasure, habit instead of stimulus. Mrs. Richardson is also dexterous at flashbacks: earlier family deaths lurk behind the narrative. But none of the dead relatives were invalids; illness is shown to be far worse than sudden death—as it undoubtedly is.

One wishes that Mrs. Richardson had included more of the past of the dying woman—readers are further committed when they encounter the dawning life of a character whom they already know will die. But the devouring Jewish family is so robustly drawn that it is comprehensible that the girl should resolve—at the graveside—to be free of her "tribe." "The tribe does not take kindly to defection, but now that my mother was going into the ground I could leave them chanting in the temple. . . . I would become the first American in my family. To be an American one must have no root, no family, perhaps a few hastily covered graves along the freeway." Here, perhaps, is a clue to the national dislike of acknowledging death: the remains are hastily—if lushly—buried, so that the living can keep traveling, pretending that nothing ugly has occurred. (Mr. Gorer has observed that the drive against smoking—that is, against death from cancer—almost suggests that death is an immoral act, a personal disgrace.)

Both these fine novels are valid reminders of how many different kinds of death there are, and that certain deaths are far more bearable than others. After all, response to death is tinged with knowing that the dead person did—or didn't—wring what he wanted from life. Also, since our society is a soup of so many religions' remnants, it's sometimes hard to admit that "good" or "bad" deaths are often determined by the body. The bowels can clock the spirit, as any small child knows. However, neither of these novels is depressing, and both have extraordinary privacy. Public or dramatic death—from the assassination to numerous cut-and-splash films—is so nearly conventional that numbness lapses into the desire for caricature or exotica. Today, the topic is most fashionable if it is marinated in fantasy or sadism. But natural death now seems a more intimate—and daring—subject for fiction than any number of sexual cook-outs or assumptions.

THEATRE/ Julius Novick

Stratford, Ont.

I have been saying for several years, in this journal and elsewhere, that the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford has higher standards than any other theatre on this continent; its current season does not tempt me to change my opinion.

Since 1963, when I began coming to Stratford, the festival has had only one notable deficiency: among great numbers of fine, exciting actors, it has lacked a magnetic star performer for the heroic parts. The ensemble has been superb, but certain plays are built to have one or two actors transcend the ensemble, and this has not been happening at Stratford. This season, for the first time in several years, the festival has imported a couple of big-name actors: Alan Bates to play Richard III, and Christopher Plummer (a Canadian, and a member of the company for five seasons between 1956 and 1962) to play Antony. But the transcendence still did not take place; the current season is remarkable more for the amazing consistency of its quality than for any individual outbreaks of brilliance. Of course, the standard at Stratford is so high that what would be acclaimed as brilliance elsewhere tends to be accepted as a matter of course.

This year the festival offers four plays on the famous thrust stage of the Festival Theatre, and two operas and a play on the proscenium stage of the Avon Theatre, in addition to two concert series and miscellaneous exhibitions, workshops and seminars. And this year, as always, my visit to Stratford has helped me to maintain my frequently shaken faith in the possibility that our theatre may still be reinvigorated by its resident professional companies.

The festival's opera company lacks any major-league talents; it concentrates on well-staged and thoroughly rehearsed ensemble productions. This system works well for Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte,* and even better for Benjamin Britten's *Albert Herring,* a charming comic opera about a mother-ridden lad in an English village who finally breaks out and discovers the world of the senses. *Albert Herring* is a gentle fertility rite, a celebration of spring and sex and youth. David William's staging makes it a genuine theatrical experience, sweet-natured and cozy but seldom overcute, and Gregory Dempsey is a stalwart Albert.

The play at the Avon is *Colours in the Dark* by James Reaney, the third original work to be presented at the festival in the fifteen years of its history. Neither of the first two presenta-

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tions has ever been produced anywhere else: if the same fate befalls *Colours in the Dark*, it will be not so much a matter of the play's merits or lack of them as of its peculiar suitability to Stratford. Mr. Reaney was born and raised on a farm 3 miles from Stratford, and his play is a sort of collage of memories, anecdotes and poems, based on the author's own life journey, and extending out toward the universe.

It includes a fight between hardwood and softwood trees, played by children, and an old woman who is hanging out, on a kid's jump rope, all the clothes, she says, that she has ever worn. Children shout anti-Catholic and anti-Protestant jingles, a girl tap dances in a superbly horrible pink dress, a man recites an "Ode on the Mammoth Cheese." One section is a "Fantasia on the Street Names of Winnipeg," another is a "Dance of Death in London, Ontario."

The play, if that's what it is, recalls *Our Town* in its small-town content and affectionate attitude, but is far more discontinuous and explicitly metaphorical, in the modern manner. (I wished for a stronger, clearer through-line.) Reaney's writing is sometimes pretentious ("I curse the discovery of fire! I curse Prometheus!"), and sometimes sentimental, but on the whole *Colours in the Dark* is not just a promising work but a pleasure right now.

John Hirsch's lively, sure-handed staging features extensive use of projections as background. The acting is simple, grave and good. There are no roles in the customary sense; the performer with the most to do is Douglas Rain, a stubby, curly-haired fellow who has appeared at the festival every season since it was founded. Few actors are so quietly, so unassumingly watchable as Mr. Rain. Even when, as often in this work, he appears to be doing nothing in particular, he somehow catches and holds the attention.

Three of the plays at the Festival Theatre are by Shakespeare; the fourth is a brilliant revival of *The Government Inspector*. Since it concerns civic corruption and social pretension, there is no question as to the contemporary relevance of Gogol's 1835 satiric farce. Peter Raby, the festival's "dramaturge," has adapted it into speakable and witty English. Michael Langham, the festival's artistic director, has staged it boldly and broadly as a wild, harsh fantasia of greed, chicanery, hypocrisy, cruelty, vanity, self-delusion and other human failings.

William Hutt (another veteran of the festival's first season) is ineffably funny as Khlestakov, the insignificant young clerk who fetches up, dead broke, in a miserable provincial town, and is mistaken by the town's corrupt officials for a government inspector traveling incognito. Hutt's performance is the apotheosis of swish and, under the circumstances, why not? Swish, after all, is an overelaborate assumption of elegance and refinement, and thus seems quite appropriate for a foolish young provincial who has gone to the big city and would love to be considered a man of fashion.

Gogol's play shows a fake butterfly alighting on a dunghill, and Mr. Langham has surrounded his hero with a depthlessly sordid environment, populated by seedy grotesques. In a mordantly funny, wordless scene, Khlestakov is triumphantly led through town, while a red carpet is spread in front of him and quickly rolled up behind so it can be spread in front again, and bedridden patients are slung ruthlessly out of the way so as not to interfere with the great man's inspection of the hospital.

Langham's staging is full of ingenuity, and all the actors play right up to the hilt. Yet the director and the actors never seem to be *making* the play funny: they seem rather to be bringing out, in masterful fashion, the comedy that was in it all the time.

The Government Inspector was originally staged for a transcontinental tour of Canada last winter, as part of the Centennial celebrations. This summer's first production was *Richard III*, directed by John Hirsch: an entertaining show that goes with a swing. Alan Bates's movie-star charm is used, not to whitewash Richard but to make his success more plausible; here, for a change, is a Richard from whom somebody might conceivably buy a used car.

Yet this *Richard III* is not what it once might have been; it commemorates an occasion when the festival's audience failed it. The production was originally planned as the climax of a four-year enterprise: a mounting of Shakespeare's great double tetralogy of history plays, which begins with the downfall of Richard II, and continues, through the carousings and conquests of Henry V and the civil anarchy of the Wars of the Roses, to the restoring of order with the death of Richard III. The three parts of *Henry VI*, which are among Shakespeare's earliest works, were to be presented in the adaptation John Barton made for the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, which resolves the three plays into two, entitled *Henry VI* and *Edward IV*.

Henry VI, as produced at the festival last year under John Hirsch's direction, was a brilliant, luridly powerful evocation of chaos; but the Toronto critics condemned it, and it was sparsely attended. As Jean Gascon, the festival's incoming artistic head, observes (in discussing the difficulty of selling *The Government Inspector*), "The people . . . are hoping to see the pageantry—the trumpets and the banners and the whole bit. It's very hard to break that pattern, but it must be done."

But M. Gascon also points out: "If you have one play here that doesn't work in a season, it means the whole financial situation is in danger." This year the intention had been to conclude the series with *Edward IV* and *Richard III*. The two plays have a very close continuity: some half dozen characters survive from one into the other, including Richard; many events in the later play have roots in the earlier. But in response to what was interpreted as widespread lack of demand, *Edward IV* was dropped (when, now, will anybody on this continent dare to produce it?), and *Richard III* was left to stand by itself. This it is well able to do, of course; but we have been denied a rare chance to see it in context.

Perhaps as a result of all this, Mr. Hirsch's thoroughly competent staging seems for most of the evening to have no particular concept behind it. And then in the last act, he goes off in a frenzy of half-cocked innova-

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tion. Richard for some reason *permits* Richmond to kill him. A suicidal Crookback? Why? Richmond, moreover, is in this production not a radiant symbol of justice and order but, in direct contradiction to the text, a snarling tough. After three hours during which there is no indication that Hirsch has any strong feelings about the play one way or another, it suddenly seems as if he has been reading Jan Kott when he should have been reading *Richard III*.

Edward IV was replaced in the schedule by *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Shakespeare's most commercial script —written, presumably, to make a quick buck out of the continued popularity of Sir John Falstaff. Shakespeare wrote several plays that were worse in various ways, but none (except for *The Comedy of Errors*) more mechanical and less resonant. *Merry Wives* is not even a particularly good commercial piece; there are jokes in it that would embarrass the author of *The Wayward Stork*. David William, the director, defends the play sturdily in a program note, but his production proves only that in the proper hands it can be hilarious. (Not that I'm out to knock hilarity.) Tony van Bridge makes a majestic, grandiloquent Falstaff; Zoe Caldwell as Mistress Page is a bouncing bourgeoise with a high opinion of her own dignity; Jean Gascon is the explosive Frenchman ("By gar!"), Dr. Caius; theirs are probably the funniest of many funny performances. Alan Bates as Ford plays this not very showy supporting role with self-denying conscientiousness: he could not have played it better had he been a total unknown.

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HELLO THERE!
(for Robert Bly)

The poets of the midwest
Are in their towns,
Looking out across wheat, corn,
Great acres of silos.
Neruda waves to them
From the other side of the field.
They are all so happy,
They make images.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

Merry Wives, as might be expected, is doing very well at the box office, but the big popular hit of the festival is the season's final production, *Antony and Cleopatra*. This production was the focus of tremendous expectations. It was the only one of Shakespeare's major plays that had never been done at Stratford; it is the last production to be directed by Michael Langham before he retires as the festival's artistic director. (He is headed for La Jolla, Calif., to start a new theatre.) And its leading roles are being played by Christopher Plummer and Zoe Caldwell.

In the event, the production proved somewhat disappointing, for all its merits. Langham's staging cuts and dissolves from scene to scene with cinematic speed, using cinematic techniques. Costumes and props are austere, no mobs of extras are in evidence, yet the atmosphere of a luxurious, decadent court is created. The supporting cast is excellent, with William Hutt as a disgruntled Enobarbus and Kenneth Welsh as a chilly Caesar distinguishing themselves particularly.

Christopher Plummer is an expansive magnanimous, virile Antony; it is easy to understand the loyalty with which his men serve him. But though he plays his scenes of suffering competently, some final dimension, some audacity, some kind of profoundest cutting loose is missing; this Antony is shaken, but not to his innermost depths.

Miss Caldwell's Cleopatra is a little, bouncy red-headed woman—no competition for Elizabeth Taylor, but the converse is also true. Miss Caldwell has her own, kinetic attractions, and her Cleopatra has plenty of exquisite arts with which to hold Antony. She begins as a delightful, dangerous tiger-kitten, throwing all her energies tempestuously into every passing impulse: this is a Cleopatra who both could and would "hop forty paces through the public street." Yet her intelligence shines through her self-indulgence in the form of irony, with which her words quiver and gleam. The way she asks, on hearing of the death of Antony's wife, "*Can* Fulvia die?" is indescribable.

But Shakespeare's prescription demands "infinite variety," and this Miss Caldwell cannot supply. She does not grow into the splendor of the final scenes. Insinuation becomes her better than grandiloquence. She continues, moreover, to move as if she were about to climb a tree or beat the boys at softball. This is properly *one* of Cleopatra's modes, not her only one.

And so it seemed to me that this much heralded production runs downhill after an excellent beginning. But perhaps all I am saying is that the play demands great acting, which is not forthcoming on this occasion. And have we ever a right to *expect* great acting? At any rate, this *Antony and Cleopatra* is an achievement of which no theatre would need to be ashamed.

I had a talk with Jean Gascon, who takes over at the end of this season as "executive artistic director" (John Hirsch will be "artistic director"), and found him keenly aware of the dangers inherent in the festival's tremendous success. "There is a danger here of stagnation," he says. "It's probably the most important and organized company on the North American continent. But the danger of it is that it could become an institution. People get self-satisfied. . . ." In future seasons he plans to decrease the emphasis on Shakespeare and to widen the repertory. Already he has invited a number of dramatists, both Canadian and foreign, to Stratford, with the hope that they will be tempted to write for the festival. He plans to have the company make films and recordings, "and all sorts of things."

One central aim, which Gascon expects to accomplish within two years, is to make the festival a year-round operation. This will be done by scheduling annual winter seasons in Montreal and in another Canadian city to be announced, and by touring inside and outside Canada. Year-round employment will make it easier to attract and hold actors and staff; year-round operation will provide more time and scope for experiment.

Gascon is full of praise for what has been done at Stratford since its founding, but "if I were told tomorrow that I had to follow that line and stay there, I would just go away. I have to feel that there's development . . . and that will keep me alive as an artist—and the same for everybody here." As Canada's (and North America's) leading theatre comes, for the first time, under Canadian leadership, this kind of thinking is a good augury for the future.

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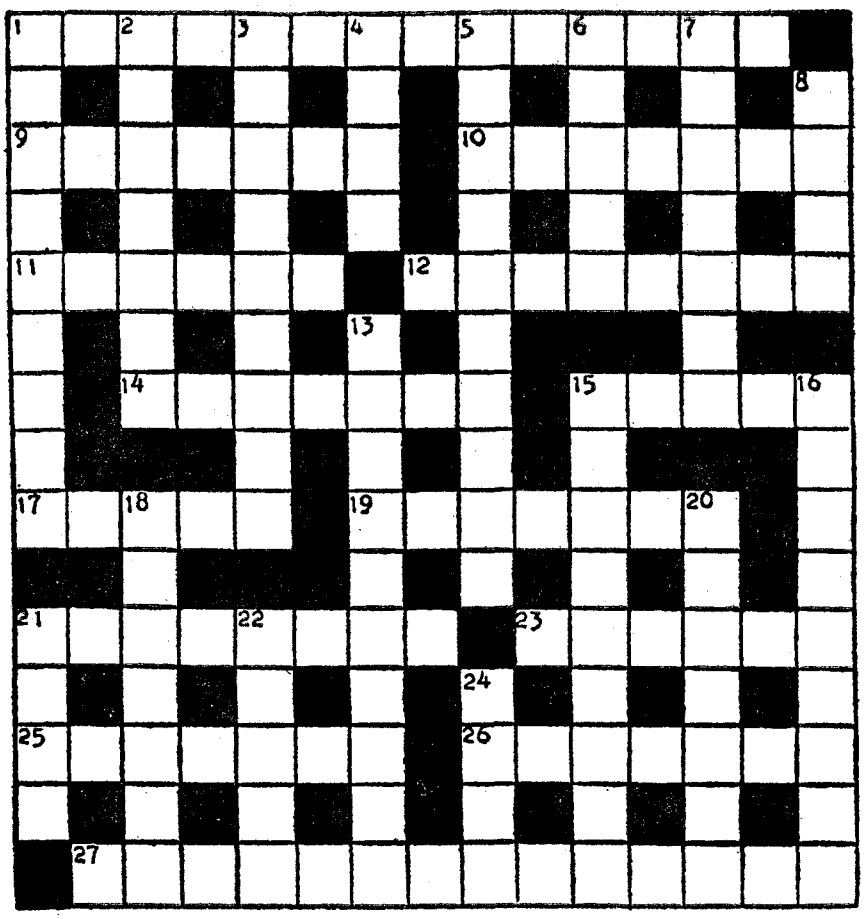
Crossword Puzzle No. 1214

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 10, 9 and 22 down Obviously better, better than most of us! (3,3,3,5,3,4,2,5,5)
11 Dined? It's about time, though the gas may be charged when one does. (6)
12 Direction the mountain is hardest on us? (8)
14 Excessive length. (7)
15 Excessive depth. (5)
17 Chided with having a fixed charge? (5)
19 Found it went first around a tailored coat? (7)
21 Saws around the pole, and bends the nails over. (8)
23 Did he keep us in suspense by moving around a lot? (6)
25 Asked for a meal to be arranged. (7)
26 Compassionate, in a paltry way. (7)
27 Not necessarily a party supporter, since one would hardly expect to take dictation so. (14)

DOWN:

1 British battle square? (9)
2 The bole of "Home Thoughts from Abroad." (3-4)
3 With the record made to "Andante Variations"? (9)
4 An implied word of response when the desired level is reached. (4)
5 "Sand Pebbles" on location, or just another movie. (2,3,5)
6 Concerning the first woman magistrate? (7)
7 Does Jack sometimes live in it? (7)
8 In which the stage directions might be "Take it off!" (4)
13 A real hot spot to have a drinking spree on! (One can probably expect to crawl home!) (10)
15 The response might be, if one is shoved in the back. (9)
16 A girl always found inside, or how a few are found at the same time. (9)
18 Two-fiddle composition, not of something to suggest the twist! (7)
20 Descriptive of the train found in "Patience." (7)
21 Cut short the harvest? (4)
24 See a place available? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1213

ACROSS: 1 Aborigines; 6 and 1 down Just around the corner; 10 Ostrich; 11 Pro rata; 12 Nova; 13 and 18 down A Man For All Seasons; 15 Trade-in; 16 Eastern; 17 En suite; 20 Aquaria; 22 Opalescent; 23 Stub; 25 Neocene; 26 Marxist; 27 Rash; 28 Stone walls. DOWN: 2 Octavia; 3 Ibid; 4 Inhuman; 5 Expense; 7 Unaware; 8 Trailing arbutus; 9 Colosseum; 14 Perimeter; 19 Escheat; 20 Agnomen; 21 Retrial; 24 Drew.

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